

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JULY 1, 1957

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YACHTING FLAGS

The
sailor's
alphabet

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PREVIEW: LOS ANGELES to HONOLULU

A 2,230-MILE OCEAN RACE



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COVER: YACHTING FLAG

Painted by Don Tiedt

From A (top center) to Z (bottom right) this week's cover features the seaman's colorful alphabet. Vital to sailors (see page 24), these flags have equal fascination for the layman. Tip: cut out your initials to make your own insignia in the history of the sea.

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BASEBALL IS KING

In an 11-page essay of magical sensitivity, Photographer Henri Cartier-Bresson has captured the very essence of baseball

**PLUS: A PREVIEW OF
THE ALL-STAR GAME**





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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

SOME SPORTS STORIES happen as fast as a knockout punch. Others take longer. One of these, which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will be telling some six months from now, has been 25 years in the making.

It's the story of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** second annual Silver Anniversary All-America.

The idea for a Silver Anniversary All-America occurred last year to Horman Hickman, then 25 years out of college, when he wondered how the thousands like himself who as seniors had earned their varsity letters in football had fared in the years between. He could not avoid the feeling that many, perhaps most, had gone on to greater success in other fields than they had already achieved on football fields. From this came the Silver Anniversary All-America, with which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** last year honored senior lettermen of the 1931 season, not first for their youthful prowess as athletes but foremost for their mature accomplishments as businessmen, clergymen, doctors, diplomats and members of the military—or, to put it simply, as members of society. Reaction to the establishment of the awards was everywhere favorable, throughout the world of sport, among the colleges and universities who made the nominations and on the part of the two dozen judges—men like Harlow Curtiss, Benson Ford and Thomas J. Watson, Jr. and Generals Bradley and Ridgway—who gave their time and thought to nam-

ing the winners. One judge, J. Edgar Hoover, added this note when he submitted his selections. It states clearly, I think, a most important and appealing element of the Silver Anniversary All-America. "I have gained," wrote Mr. Hoover, "an even deeper understanding of the role of sports in developing good citizens."

This year it is the turn of the football lettermen of the fall of 1932. Recently Managing Editor Sidney L. James sent invitations for nominations to nearly 250 collegiate institutions. Almost all have indicated their desire to participate. Between now and October 1, the deadline for nominations, they will be reviewing their files and canvassing their alumni. **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will announce the final choices of the judges—the 25 men who this year will receive the silver goal posts you see here—when the football season is over.

It will be once again, I am sure, a story well worth the 25-year wait.



Harry R. ...



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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Felix Rademacher, shown here with boxing wife, may well be the nearest to fight for world heavyweight title if planned bout with Floyd Patterson in Seattle week of Aug. 15 comes off. His powder-puff partner, Olympic Champion Rademacher thinks he can beat Patterson (see page 41).



Bill Cox, 17-year-old slipper from Durban, Conn., who in Western Long Island Sound summer championship in Lightning class, whipped 24-foot Haven class Ansonia from behind in last of four-race series at New London to give Foxboro School narrow victory over Haverhill for Mastery Trophy.

RECORD BREAKERS

AAR championships, last big meet of outdoor season, produced three American records as meet of nation's track talent started around Dayton High School field (see page 18). Glenn Davis, middle-legged Ohio State junior, distanced over 1000 yards with greatest of ease, out-pacing burst of speed at finish to score 2:00.00 in 1000. Canadian Doug Kelly had two much narrower for his mile, strapping off his mile split in 4:22.4; Iowa's Charlie Deason done better himself were distance to win 1000-mile championship in 3:59.8 (June 21-22).

BOXING

Lightweight Champion for Brown, matched punch for punch by left-slanting Orlando Sabido, outboxed Eusebio Cuban on four in 11th and again in 12th, when Roberto Ray (Knox) stopped the fight with 22 seconds left before spasm (3:00) galloping at Deason. Expatriated Cuban: "When was something in my eye, I had to wink, then he hit me with a right."

Bary Calabrese, promising young middleweight before, turned state loose to give favored 9 to 10 Joe Gaudin good going away, but lost he could get from officials, who split, over three bouts, was down in 10-rounder at Syracuse.

Bobo Olson, necked into oblivion by Sugar Ray Robinson but in need of steady cash to help support his racing and money business, checked in at over-stuffed 127 pounds for somewhat, mixed it up with another over-the-hill champion, Joe Martin, for 20 minutes rounds before getting split decision at Portland, Ore.

Southwestern West Martins, Manager Bill Daly's most reluctant fight, backpedaled, counter-pedaled and stalled to remove version of those in busting former Champion Kid Gavilan until currently to switch up, but piled up enough points to win 10-round decision at Jersey City.

BOATING

Coxed's hard-working winter seasons, who have made happy habit of winning 10th regatta, had few anxious moments when spotted Foxboro crew made serious challenge, but picked up boat to meet staff through a victory (see page 18) in 10-length tri-ump at Syracuse (see page 18).

AUTO RACING

British Japanese made over at Le Mans, sweeping British Grand Prix. Vroomy was in car piloted by Peter Hare and Ken Pratt, who covered 2,500 miles in 24 hours at average speed of 114.8 mph (see page 27). Chase winners up to 700 cc., Lotus up to 1,000 cc., Ferrari up to 1,500 cc., Aston Martin. Index of performance given was by British 744 cc. Lotus, driven by Cliff Allison and Keith Hall.

Walt Hansgen, white-knuckled New Jersey sports car driver, tested one of Briggs Cunningham's 12 Jaguars around slippery Road 4 motor course at Silver Lake, Wis. with insurance in light air to win 150-mile SCCA feature with record speed of 82.158 mph.

TRACK & FIELD

Beggs Peasman, aging 100 Foxboro Club distanced who began winning titles when most of his rivals were still in knee pain, finished up his mile in 1:46.0 in 1954, his best time ever and same split record, 21.44 in 100 yards in Dayton (see page 18). Among other winners: Australia's Steve Lincoln, who recently hurdled his way through traffic-light field in easily against U.S. Mike Bob Swann and Don Burdick in 4:08.1; Tom Courtney, who had 500 yard split up at Arden (see page 18) by four yards in 1:41.1.

HORSE SHOW

Billy Steinbock was special Olympic event crowd with Night Owl, who went on to become champion jumper at Fairfield County Hunt Club in Westport, Conn. Spanish Maid, 8-year-old gelding owned by Mrs. J. Deane Hunter and ridden by Jack Payne, took Connecticut Hunter Hunt and Green Mountain Challenge Trophy.

HORSE RACING

Williamette, off in 10 to 1, put away favored Bayon in head-to-head duel, gave out with last heat to take first money for happy Owner Christopher T. Cleary in \$74,450 Coaching Club American Oaks for 3-year-old fillies over 10-furlong course at Belmont.

Billie W. Vanderbilt's over-running 1-year-old, Flare, came over today age, on down falling Baby Brown on backstretch, poured it in to run for wife to

win \$12,510 England Handicap at Hollywood Park. **Willie Harkel**, packing heat for Eddie Aron's record of 40 career winners, got Pinpoint Tanya home by nose in \$15,440 New-Castle Stakes, record of 100 wins Par's "Dreadful Big Three" win, now has 25 scored away in his bulging stable log.

BASEBALL

New York Yankees, back home and back out of the hole, began to show promise in winning position as predicted Pudge (Bobby Thacker) proved to be best top show Indians and Marlinas in Dutch, ending off Detroit and Chicago during 16-game winning streak which carried them in top of American League. After losing three from Detroit, which Tanya lost down Chicago in three runs before losing second game of double-header, stood proudly but temporarily 14 game ahead of show-stay. While hot, Yankees also won on home, wiping off six straight over Cleveland and Kansas City, were within breath of fourth-place Tigers.

National League race continued "Who's on first" real hot, and this time it was St. Louis on top after another shagging week. Cards made three against Pittsburgh and Brooklyn, winning five out of seven to hold advantage edge over Milwaukee and Cincinnati, 14 1/2 over Philadelphia and 1 1/2 over worried Dodgers, who began losing money (backward) games at crushing New York Giants, starting along with two out of three in Milwaukee and three out of four in Chicago.

MILEPOSTS

ELITE—John Bar (Jack) White, U.S. Ambassador to Court of St. James's, long known in British turf circles as prominent Thoroughbred owner and breeder (Stewards' Club's honorary member of The Jockey Club, in London).

CONTRACT—Frank (Shirley) Palmer, English and north-landed light manager veteran period in most states, machine owner, longtime collaborator with boxing's mobsters on change of falling in pay 1932 and 1934 income taxes when due, at Philadelphia.

1935—Thomas Albert Wright (Ted) Jones, 75, one of Yale's legendary football immortals, built an all-American quarterback (1907) and state coach (1914, 1916-1927), at owner, at New Haven (see page 18).

FOCUS ON THE DEED



OFF AND RACING, Such Coast III (second from right) led this first heat but was sent too under skilled hand of Freddie Alon, out-crafting 88.812 mph to take wind-tossed Detroit Memorial Regatta.



UP IN ARMS, staves by President Eisenhower (right) down a lead guitar from Senator Bush (bending on stick) and a state from Japan's visiting Premier Kishi (left) during golfing session at Barking Tree.

BASEBALL X-RAY



Clyde May, home-
coming senior from
McNee State College
in Lake Charles, La.,
seems to be following
in footsteps of rough-
riding brother Marley,
who leads up Hondo
Cowboy Association.
Clyde's school won col-
lege rodeo title at Col-
orado Springs, and he
was named cowboy of
year by NIRA.

FOR THE RECORD

2020 YARDS

LEO KROCK, Pacific Palisades, Calif., USAC 200-m.
side model race, in 3:26, with 35.17 mph average, in
Marine, Torrance, N.J.

JERRY BRINK, Phoenix, USAC 100-m. 500 cc. race,
in 1:21, with 51.87 mph average (USAC), in Quan Val
Limo Special, Detroit.

BORTING

NAVY, mtd. intercollegiate single 500, with 181 pts.,
Amesbury.

BODING

JUDY POLLEY, 4-year TRO over Julian Drifts, home-
coming, Phoenix.

CHARLEY COLLINS, 20-round decision over Spider
Webb, intercollegiate, New Orleans.

MI. CRISTWILL, 9-round KO over Ed Anderson, home-
coming, Los Angeles.

FIELD TRIAL

SHADE ST. owned by Mrs. Fraser M. Scott, South-
ampton, L.I., mtd. amateur member 600, Park Har-
vest, Mass.

GOLF

PAUL HARREY, Butler, Mass., Spring River, with 179
for 72 holes, Pitts. Mass.

4ED BEXTER, Amarillo, Texas, over John Zimoch,
1 & 2, Texas-Mexican Amateur, Dallas.

13 BOWLING, Charlotte, over Arnold Blum, 3 & 2,
Southern Amateur, Miami Beach.

HORSE RACING

MASTIFF: ECL 120 (the Derby, 1/6 m., in 4 lengths,
in 1:41, Thermo River, Cleveland, Kan. Church up.

MAINE SPOONING

WILLIAM WINGGODA, Buffalo, Calif., mtd. machine
oil, Seattle.

STANLEY WARD, Summerville, W. Va., 1st/1st, mtd.
oil, machine maintenance, Albany Park, N.Y. 2nd
champion, Liza Faxon, Tuckers, N.Y.

FINES

BARRY MACRAY, Michigan, over Sammy Giannakis,
Trent, 4-4, 2-4, 3-4, 2-4, 3-4, 3-4, 3-4, 3-4, 3-4, 3-4, 3-4,
CFL.

EARL BOWEN, N. Y., 1st, over (over) Maple,
Brent 800, N. Y., 3-4, 3-4, 3-4, 3-4, 3-4, 3-4, 3-4, 3-4, 3-4,
Chlorophyll, Va.

TRACK AND FIELD

OUTDOOR GARRISON, over Harvard-Pale, 5-4, Cam-
bridge, Mass.



YEARFUL GOLFER Jack Dublin gets sym-
pathy from dad after losing playoff for 3-4 year
title in pro-am tournament at Orlando, Fla.



UNUSUAL ANGLE was introduced on television last week. When station WPIX in
New York put a long-lens camera in the Yankee Stadium bleachers, TV baseball fans were
given a behind-the-pitcher view of the game ordinarily reserved for the second baseman.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (3/10-4/10)

Team	Season	Wins	Losses
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
New York.....	1900	32-22	7
Boston.....	1897	31-31	7
Cleveland.....	1911	31-29	7
Chicago.....	1929	31-22	4
Baltimore.....	1928	31-24	4
Detroit.....	1910	31-29	2
Kansas City.....	1932	29-36	10
Washington.....	1906	22-43	3
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
St. Louis.....	1900	29-29	8
New York.....	1911	29-34	5
Philadelphia.....	1928	29-34	4
Chicago.....	1911	29-35	11
Cincinnati.....	1934	29-28	9
Brockton.....	1910	29-29	7
Pittsburgh.....	1911	29-38	7
St. Louis.....	1910	29-37	4

TEAM LEADERS

Rank	Player	Team	Season	Wins	Losses	Fielding
1	Steady	New York	1900	32	22	9-3
2	Steady	Boston	1897	31	31	1-6
3	Steady	Cleveland	1911	31	29	1-6
4	Steady	Chicago	1929	31	22	1-6
5	Steady	Baltimore	1928	31	24	1-6
6	Steady	Detroit	1910	31	29	1-6
7	Steady	Kansas City	1932	29	36	1-6
8	Steady	Washington	1906	22	43	1-6
9	Steady	St. Louis	1900	29	29	1-6
10	Steady	New York	1911	29	34	1-6
11	Steady	Philadelphia	1928	29	34	1-6
12	Steady	Chicago	1911	29	35	1-6
13	Steady	Cincinnati	1934	29	28	1-6
14	Steady	Brockton	1910	29	29	1-6
15	Steady	Pittsburgh	1911	29	38	1-6
16	Steady	St. Louis	1910	29	37	1-6
17	Steady	St. Louis	1910	29	37	1-6

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (3/10-4/10)

Rank	Player	Team	Season	Wins	Losses
1	Steady	New York	1900	32	22
2	Steady	Boston	1897	31	31
3	Steady	Cleveland	1911	31	29
4	Steady	Chicago	1929	31	22
5	Steady	Baltimore	1928	31	24
6	Steady	Detroit	1910	31	29
7	Steady	Kansas City	1932	29	36
8	Steady	Washington	1906	22	43
9	Steady	St. Louis	1900	29	29
10	Steady	New York	1911	29	34
11	Steady	Philadelphia	1928	29	34
12	Steady	Chicago	1911	29	35
13	Steady	Cincinnati	1934	29	28
14	Steady	Brockton	1910	29	29
15	Steady	Pittsburgh	1911	29	38
16	Steady	St. Louis	1910	29	37
17	Steady	St. Louis	1910	29	37

WINS PRODUCED

Rank	Player	Team	Season	Wins	Losses
1	Steady	New York	1900	32	22
2	Steady	Boston	1897	31	31
3	Steady	Cleveland	1911	31	29
4	Steady	Chicago	1929	31	22
5	Steady	Baltimore	1928	31	24
6	Steady	Detroit	1910	31	29
7	Steady	Kansas City	1932	29	36
8	Steady	Washington	1906	22	43
9	Steady	St. Louis	1900	29	29
10	Steady	New York	1911	29	34
11	Steady	Philadelphia	1928	29	34
12	Steady	Chicago	1911	29	35
13	Steady	Cincinnati	1934	29	28
14	Steady	Brockton	1910	29	29
15	Steady	Pittsburgh	1911	29	38
16	Steady	St. Louis	1910	29	37
17	Steady	St. Louis	1910	29	37

THE ROOKIES

Rank	Player	Team	Season	Wins	Losses
1	Steady	New York	1900	32	22
2	Steady	Boston	1897	31	31
3	Steady	Cleveland	1911	31	29
4	Steady	Chicago	1929	31	22
5	Steady	Baltimore	1928	31	24
6	Steady	Detroit	1910	31	29
7	Steady	Kansas City	1932	29	36
8	Steady	Washington	1906	22	43
9	Steady	St. Louis	1900	29	29
10	Steady	New York	1911	29	34
11	Steady	Philadelphia	1928	29	34
12	Steady	Chicago	1911	29	35
13	Steady	Cincinnati	1934	29	28
14	Steady	Brockton	1910	29	29
15	Steady	Pittsburgh	1911	29	38
16	Steady	St. Louis	1910	29	37
17	Steady	St. Louis	1910	29	37

JAMES D. NORRIS MUST

Ruling for the People, a federal court judge this week ordered boxing's **dirty business** (SI, Nov. 1, '54 et seq.) cleaned up now

SALIENT POINTS OF JUDGE'S DECISION

▶ "The unlawful combination of the defendants still possesses and exercises its monopolistic control in the field of championship contests."

▶ "The illegal monopoly . . . was made possible . . . because of their control of the promotion of championship fights together with their control of the principal media. . . . Accordingly, there must be a limitation placed on the promotional activities of these defendants. . . . The decree will enjoin the Garden for a period of five years from promoting more than two championship boxing contests in each calendar year. Likewise the decree will enjoin for a period of five years Wirtz and Norris from promoting more than two championship contests in each calendar year."

▶ "Championship boxing was regarded by defendants as a business, engaged in solely for profit. For these profits defendants were bent upon a plan of monopolization to exclude all competition and leave them free to reap financial gains. The extent of defendants' activities in this illegal monopoly requires drastic affirmative action by this Court. The relief outlined herein is designed to put an end to the conspiracy to displace defendants of their present position in the market, which was attained through the conspiracy, and to destroy the monopoly which they created and seek to perpetuate. Professional championship boxing contests will be opened with television and radio broadcasting to legitimate and healthy competition."

THE conspiracy that James D. Norris and friends entered into eight years ago to bring all but Class C boxing under their domination has come to an end, by force of law. Soon the last ring announcer will proclaim the last bout under the promotion of the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president). There will be no International Boxing Club and Norris will be president only of Chicago Stadium, a relatively minor enterprise.

Federal Judge Sylvester J. Ryan has so ruled after legal action that began in October 1951 when the Department of Justice put a grand jury to work on the case. Since then it has been fought all the way to the Supreme Court of the United States, which ruled that professional boxing is subject to the antitrust laws. So far it has cost Norris a reported \$500,000 to fight the case.

His next step, if he wants to take it, is to the Supreme Court again.

Judge Ryan's decree ordered Norris and his partner, Arthur Wirtz, to turn all their stock in Madison Square Garden over to a trustee, who will vote their shares. The Garden now owns IBC. Norris and Wirtz control the Garden. During the next five years they will be required to sell their stock in the Garden or have it sold for them during the following two years. At the same time Norris and Wirtz must resign as officers (Norris is president) and directors of the Garden. Jim Norris' Garden party (SI, June 26, '55) is thus at an end.

The Garden, which was a defendant in the suit, is enjoined from promoting more than two title fights a year for the next five years. The same limitation is placed on Norris and Wirtz



DEPOSED Czar OF BOXING, James D. Norris, IBC president, was best known to TV fight fans as this shadowy kioskman figure, whose visage introduced hundreds of bouts.

GET OUT!

by MARTIN KANE

acting as operators of Chicago Stadium, which is all that is left to them. They may promote only two championships a year. (Since May 1953, the judge pointed out, they have had an interest in all 37 championship fights held in the United States except for one bantamweight contest.)

It is to be presumed, and is the intent of the decree, that the Garden and the Stadium will be competitors, not only for championship fights but for all others that they wish to promote, since Norris and Wirtz no longer will have anything to do with the Garden. The Stadium is expected to continue promotion of Wednesday night TV fights and the Garden will promote Friday night TV fights, but Norris and Wirtz will have a finger only in the Stadium promotion.

Furthermore, both the Garden and the Stadium must be leased, for a reasonable rental, to independent promoters who want to put on championship fights at either arena.

The International Boxing Clubs of New York and Illinois are simply dissolved. They will exist no more. Their exclusive contracts with champions and contenders are at an end.

In court Jim Norris, his face deeply tanned, hunched forward to hear the judge's decision. He complained later that Judge Ryan spoke so softly that the decision was hard to hear. But it was obvious that if the mastermind of the IBC found the voice ironically soft he knew the court carried a big stick.

Norris refused to say that he would appeal to the Supreme Court.

"We'll get the decision," he said, "and go over it point by point. I don't think it will affect the Robinson-Bacile fight. I'll continue in boxing. Sure, I'll continue."

Previously, Norris admitted, he had threatened to get out of boxing if the decision went against him. Reminded of this, he chuckled.

"We're staying in," he said.



BACKED BY SUPREME COURT, JUDGE SYLVESTER J. RYAN RULED END OF IBC

Barring reversal by the Supreme Court of the United States, Judge Ryan's decision puts a new face on prizefighting or, you might say, takes off its false whiskers. Since 1949 big-time boxing has been the creature of Jim Norris, whose natural beard (see *owl*) is darker than Santa Claus's. Since 1949, when the IBC was formed, all but a few big fights have been promoted by the IBC. Now any number can play.

This will be good news for promoters such as Emil Leizer of New York, Jack Hurley of Seattle, Sad Sam Silverman of Boston, and many others around the country who have suffered from the IBC monopoly. It will be good news for fighters and managers who have had to take IBC terms or nothing.

Judge Ryan's decree followed naturally on his decision of last March when he found that the IBC had conspired in violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act and monopolized professional world championship boxing.

The IBC had eliminated competition largely by acquiring exclusive contracts with champions in all but the unimportant bantam and flyweight divisions.

FOREVER WAS EIGHT YEARS

Acquiring control was simple. It began when Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis agreed to use his prestige to obtain exclusive rights to the services of Ezzard Charles, Joe Walcott, Lee Savold and Gus Grimes, the leading contenders. Once they were signed, Louis resigned his championship and

assigned the contracts to the newly born IBC. For this he got \$150,000 and an apparently lifetime contract of \$15,000 (later \$20,000) a year with the IBC. Promoter Mike Jacobs, with about four years left to live, agreed to stay out of boxing for 10 years. IBC bought out another promotional outfit, the Tournament of Champions, and picked up exclusive leases with Madison Square Garden, Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds. Through Norris and Wirtz's real-estate operations it already controlled stadiums in Chicago, Detroit and St. Louis. In time it came to control fight presentations on the national television networks interested in boxing.

The IBC perpetuated control by its original device of signing champions to exclusive contracts. Indeed, a fighter could not get a bout with a champion unless he agreed in advance that, winning the fight, he would become the property of IBC.

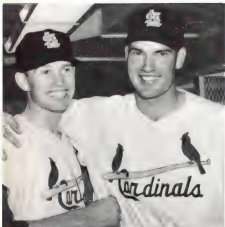
With this system it seemed that the IBC must surely go on forever. Control of the champions gave it commercial prestige to control all the major outlets of modern boxing—the big arenas, radio and television.

But in 1890 Congress passed the Sherman Antitrust Act, and in March 1952 the United States charged the IBC with violation of the act. Now, five years later, after the Supreme Court had ruled (in January 1955) that professional boxing was subject to the antitrust laws, Judge Ryan hunched down his decision. The IBC has lost its championship.

END

NEW FACES,

BASEBALL



VON MCDANIEL (LEFT) GETS BROTHER LINDY'S PRIZE AFTER BEATING DOOGERS

DOWN BY DER GRAVOIS

AFTER Friday night's game with the Brooklyn Dodgers, the city of St. Louis was boiling under its first acute attack of peasant fever in eight years. Everyone, from the budding industrialists in the Racquet Club on Kingshighway to the brass-meisters down by der Gravois, was talking about the Cardinals and their Von McDaniel, a rugged right-handed pitcher from a cotton farm near the dusty little town of Hollis, Okla. Only 18, Von was just a month out of high school, yet on Friday night he had shut out the Dodgers 2-0, allowing but a pair of scratch hits. Adding that to two earlier appearances in relief, Von has now pitched 17 scoreless innings.

Von is the younger brother of 21-

year-old Lindy McDaniel, the ace of this year's Cardinal pitching staff. In its excitement St. Louis could not avoid comparing these reticent and religious farm boys with a more raucous brother act of a generation ago—Dizzy and Paul Dean, who between them won 49 league games in 1934. The parallel ends there, however, for Von and Lindy are devout members of the Church of Christ, total abstainers who refuse to take their work lightly. Just before the Dodger game someone asked Von if he had butterflies in his stomach. "Well, now, I'll tell you," came the answer. "They may be down there, but I don't feel them. If I'm going to get nervous, I might as well go home and tend a grocery store." —W.B.

As Von McDaniel was demonstrating at Busch Stadium in St. Louis last week the irresistible magic that gives baseball its unique place in the affections of the nation, the game itself was facing up to the hard facts of life in another arena: a Congressional hearing room in Washington.

There baseball's protagonist was no gangling 18-year-old, but a tall, gray, angular man, baseball's Commissioner Ford Frick. Boy and man had one thing in common: both were pitching as carefully as they knew how.

Mr. Frick was the week's principal witness before the House subcommittee investigating baseball's status under the antitrust laws. His generally skillful performance was highlighted by the revelation (a thing traditionally hateful to club owners) of more or less exact figures on baseball's profits and losses over the past five years. The financial charts (reprinted in full on pages 11 and 12) provided as many opportunities for fascinating pencil-chewing as a crossword puzzle.

But even without pencil in hand, several hitherto unverifiable truths jumped from the pages. Samples:

1) The Brooklyn ball club, which has complained most bitterly of non-support and an inadequate ball park, never failed to make a tidy profit over the five-year period. It was the only National League club to do so.

2) With its handier ball park, the Dodgers made \$487,482 last season. With a ball park twice the size of Ebbets Field, the New York Yankees netted only \$301,483.

3) Pittsburgh lost more money (\$1,537,503) than anybody.

4) The Washington Senators, although always in the second division, did not have a money-losing season over the five-year period.

5) Total profits for major league baseball, the National and American leagues combined, amounted to \$1,478,993 since 1952.

The last item, comparatively modest, would appear to support the classic definition of baseball's real status by Phil Wrigley, owner of the Chicago

NEW FIGURES

REVEALS PROFITS AND LOSSES

Cuba. He said: "Baseball is too much of a sport to be a business and too much of a business to be a sport."

Another aspect of the financial charts that appeared to support baseball's claim to innocence in the ways of big business was an over-all impression that the clubs favored a system of home-and-hugger bookkeeping. Even a statistical ignoramus could not help feeling that when an item puzzled the club operators, they buried it under a heading marked "Other" and promptly forgot about it.

Against this suspicion, however, had to be measured the dazzling performances of individual baseball men, some of which would bear comparison with the intricate footwork of the ablest of modern corporation raiders. One of these brought up at the hearing was the expatriated deal involving Yankee Stadium. It was touched on in these questions by subcommittee counsel and answers by Commissioner Frick:

Q. Mr. Commissioner, are you familiar with the series of transactions by which the ownership of Yankee Stadium was transferred by the New York Yankees to financier Arnold Johnson [present owner of the Kansas City A's] and then to the Knights of Columbus at a total capital gain profit to the Yankees of several millions of dollars?

A. I am familiar with it, yes.

Q. Could you summarize those transactions?

A. I couldn't, no. I don't have the figures in front of me. I know what happened. I know there was a sale of real estate and then a sale of the stadium.

Q. Then, as I understand it, Mr. Johnson leased the stadium back from the Knights of Columbus and then leased it from himself to the New York Yankees?

A. Yes, and has since sold it.

Q. Under that arrangement, Mr. Johnson retained interest in the grounds and in the stadium and also remained a debtor to the Yankees. . . . Do you know whether Mr. Johnson paid off the \$2,960,000 debt that he owed to the owners of the Yankees?

A. I know that Mr. Johnson disposed



COMMISSIONER FRICK, LEAGUE PRESIDENTS HERRIDGE AND GILES HUDDE SOLEMNLY

of his interest in the stadium. Whether he got cash for that, I don't know.

Q. As I understand the transaction, part of the \$6.3 million purchase price which he paid for Yankee Stadium, was paid by a \$2,960,000 note which he gave to Messrs. Webb and Topping, with a purchase money mortgage on the property, and you do not know whether he still owes that money? Is that correct?

A. I don't know how it was handled.

So it went, until somebody must have thought this was a far, far cry from the game that the boy, Von Daniel, was playing out in St. Louis. Commissioner Frick as much as said so. The committee counsel was talking, he suggested, not baseball, but real estate.

On the surface, last week's hearings looked like a revival of an old show which had played the same boards in 1933. Then, a long, drawn-out inquiry led to no definite conclusions. Now,

the same cast had come back, headed by the same subcommittee chairman, Congressman Emanuel Celler of Brooklyn, who was better known for his basketball playing than his baseball at Columbia College 50 years ago.

But in most other respects, this was a new production with some wholly new dramatic ingredients. For one thing, a recent Supreme Court decision had tacitly invited Congress to consider baseball legislation. Furthermore, baseball was almost certainly going national with the proposed shift of the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants to California. Finally, television, merely an interesting new development in 1951, was now (as the figures on the following pages show) the star attraction of the game.

—GERALD HOLLAND

TURN PAGE FOR DETAILS OF
BIG LEAGUE BALANCE SHEETS

BIG LEAGUE BALANCE CHART

TEAM	REL.	I N C O M E					E X P E N S E S					NET PROFIT OR LOSS			
		HOME	AWAY	RADIO-TV	COMM. CELESTIONS	OTHER	SALARIES	BONUSES	PLAYERS' PER. FOLLO	OFFICIALS' SALARIES	TEAM CLUBS		TRAVEL	DIVIDENDS	OTHER
BALT. 1954-55	75	558,090	129,482	34,320	183,874	599,112	150,878	none	(83,225)	127,881	155,295	none	none	5,320,528	499,417
	53	288,789	175,477	43,557	64,274	22,405	296,853	none	53,411	20,256	45,222	none	none	615,849	198,031
	54	1,520,141	116,788	312,795	212,568	19,555	388,276	7,500	175,658	17,787	47,881	19,003	none	1,138,226	640,483
	55	1,288,357	100,236	224,835	36,800	417,153	458,000	45,881	178,658	27,287	85,884	none	none	1,438,296	10,715
	56	1,273,442	186,234	397,835	758,732	86,289	475,278	47,738	140,805	12,402	175,265	4,889	none	1,217,262	19,263
BOS.	75	1,251,384	228,381	388,588	176,873	179,872	413,879	5,388	58,808	50,285	138,172	none	none	1,019,585	242,814
	53	1,193,171	228,347	388,588	164,894	183,201	413,854	18,888	58,808	50,285	138,172	none	none	1,019,585	242,814
	54	1,208,242	228,347	388,588	164,894	183,201	413,854	18,888	58,808	50,285	138,172	none	none	1,019,585	242,814
	55	1,208,242	228,347	388,588	164,894	183,201	413,854	18,888	58,808	50,285	138,172	none	none	1,019,585	242,814
	56	1,208,242	228,347	388,588	164,894	183,201	413,854	18,888	58,808	50,285	138,172	none	none	1,019,585	242,814
CHI.	75	1,773,425	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	8,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	53	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	54	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	55	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	56	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
CLEVE.	75	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	53	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	54	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	55	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	56	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
DET.	75	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	53	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	54	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	55	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	56	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
K.C. 1954-55	75	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	53	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	54	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	55	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	56	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
N.Y.	75	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	53	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	54	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	55	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	56	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
WASH.	75	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	53	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	54	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	55	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053
	56	1,491,858	297,587	386,282	287,844	278,659	529,464	28,888	278,788	82,295	197,381	56,358	none	1,116,871	18,053

FIGURES INCOMPLETE

N A T I O N A L L E A G U E

[illegible]⁴ Figures in parentheses show grid type and team type respectively.



SOME JOE FARKS FROM FINISH LINE; HARD-PULLING CORNELLS IN-NEAREST SHELL SURGE TOWARD EVENTUAL LENGTH-AND-A-HALF VICTORY

CORNELL BACKS UP ITS

PID. GRAYINK began to feel sick within mile to go. Slowly, weakly, his belly began to float to his throat. He tried to swallow, but there was no moisture. He thought frantically, "Not now! Don't get sick, Nat! Now!" He was sweating his out at 29. The heat felt like 40.

Grayink was the stroke on the Cornell varsity crew. The "crew of the generation," the experts called it. So good that the Intercollegiate Rowing Regatta was supposed merely to prove who was second best: Navy, Princeton, Syracuse, Penn or maybe Stanford, Columbia, Wisconsin, MIT and Duke—mouth were just there for the cruise. That was the way it figured last Saturday morning, just before the race. The lake was calm, then, and the wind had not started to blow.

When the 10 shells lined up at the start of the three-mile course on Onondaga Lake that afternoon, the weather had changed. A 15-mile-an-hour quar-

tering wind blew steadily from the south shore. That made it difficult for the coxswains to line the shells up on the stake boats for the start. It took 15 minutes of tense maneuvering before all coxswains were satisfied with their positions. Referee Tip Goss wasted no time firing the starting cannon, and the suddenness of its boom caught Cornell off guard.

Pennsylvania was ready. Within a quarter mile, the Red and Blue had pulled out two lengths on Cornell. It was the effort of making up distance; start was almost sidestepping Grayink to the two-thirds mark.

Finally Carl Schwarz, the Cornell coxswain, screamed through his megaphone: "We're over, Paul! Hansen is 32!" Schwarz was skinny—almost cadaverous—but his voice boomed at Grayink. Somehow Grayink fought off nausea and raised the stroke. His throat felt as though it would close with the effort, but with mechanical precision

he brought it to 32 and the Cornell shell moved, almost imperceptibly, on the Pennsylvania boat. The Big Red gained a seat on Penn.

George Ford, the Cornell No. 7, kept his head down and pulled in perfect rhythm with Grayink. The sweat trickled down his nose, burned his eyes behind his glasses. "Where are we, Carl," he gasped.

"Three-quarters. Cut the talking—save it for that oar," barked Schwarz. The coxswain ignored the noise, where the Pennsylvania boat was moving, smoothly, swiftly in lane three, stroke for stroke with the Cornell shell. He had already called on the emergency crew for two power seats—emergency bands of 18 pounds, all out—to make up the two-thirds. Now Pennsylvania had gained with its magnificent start. Now someone had to call Cornell's name as predicted.

"Ten for the coach. Give me a power ten for the coach," he implored. He



ON LAKE UMBAGOG, OVER GELBERT UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA CREW



BIG RED SHIPMEN PURPLE CORNWALL TO HIS BUNKING

NOTICES

Penn got a great start but Stork Sanford's men had the effort it took to win the IRA regatta

by DON PARKER

rapped out the boat on the side of the shell with the wooden checks he held in each hand. Eight oars sliced the water and with incredible power lifted the bow of the 60-foot cedar craft out of the water. Cornell began to move.

Up in the "virgin room" at No. 4, Todd Simpson, the Oklahoman, pulled without expression. He heaved his 4-foot 4-inch frame into the slide and bowed his ear with the force of his drive. The ear handle slammed into his belly viciously as he finished out each stroke. The rough handle soon had his stomach raw, and blood stained his shirt. The others pulled as hard, if not as obviously. For 10 strokes they exerted almost the ultimate of human effort on each sweep. They would win it now—or Irish nowhere. They had the form. But the stamina?

For three weeks before the IRA, Cornell had been practicing twice a day on Lake Cayuga. Coach Harrison (Stork) Sanford drove the crews hard,

building endurance. Twelve-mile workouts were the rule, not the exception. Some days his cannon—already shorn of excess weight—would lose as much as six or seven pounds. He had won the short races—the Carnegie Cup at two miles, and the Eastern Sprints at 3,000 meters, edging Yale's Olympic championship crew in both. But the three-mile IRA was the true test of a crew in Sanford's mind. He wanted them to be ready, conditioned. They were.

Cornell produced its third power ten with little more than a half mile to go. Cornell was by now a quarter length in front of Pennsylvania, which was rowing the race of its career. Schwarz saw Gravink in front of him, tiring fast, having trouble breathing. He upped the stroke to 34, screaming out the boat: "Stroke! stroke! stroke!" With a quarter to go, Schwarz urged Gravink to 37. He pounded a tattoo on the sides of the boat, exhorting the last scrap of life out of his eight oarsmen.

The stroke went up: 35, 36, 37. Clayt Chapman and Bill Schumacher, the No. 6 and No. 5, both 195-pounders, put all their beef into it. Up front Bob Staley and Dave Davis, No. 2 and No. 3, brought it up. They hit 37, mechanically, near exhaustion.

The roar went up from the crowd. Schwarz screamed, "We're over! We're over! We're over!" Phil Gravink slumped, almost went over the side and lay on the bottom of the boat, completely spent, arms hanging in the water. The rest fell forward over their ears. They won by a length and a half. They had rowed three miles in 15 minutes 24.4 seconds. Penn was second, Standard, 3½ lengths back, in third.

At the boathouse, Sanford beamed at the all-senior crew. He was satisfied. "Honey, next," he said. "I'm glad we've got one more against Yale. I've had a lot of crews, but I can't remember hating to see a season end as much as this one." (EPP)

NO CHARITY

It was tough for the youngsters at the national track championships, where all those Olympians were just mean enough to keep right on winning

by COLES PHINIZY

THIS NATIONAL TRACK CHAMPIONSHIPS, which were held last week at Dayton, have the most charitable appearance of all the season's big meets. Here, where topnotchers forgo their, young hopefuls are also always welcomed, however much they may clutter up the field. There were at Dayton a number of high schoolers, college freshmen and other comers who could do wonders some day, but by the time all 21 events were done—the running events on a loose, slow track—the old hands had kept most of the titles and the hopefuls were lost in the shuffle.

In the quarter-mile final, Olympic Champion Charlie Jenkins had plenty to worry him. In the three staggered lanes behind Jenkins, between him and the pole, were Mike Larrabee, the USC graduate, Bob McMurray of Morgan State, and freshman Willis Atterberry of Michigan State, all of whom, by reason of earlier clockings, might well sweep past Jenkins. As the field swung out of the last turn, Jenkins, the Olympic champ, was still in front of Larrabee, McMurray and Atterberry. But out wide in the seventh lane galloped 33-year-old Reginald Pearman, who persistently refuses to be consigned to the title of has-been. Pearman hit the tape first in 46.4, the fastest time of any man this year, the fastest time Pearman had ever run in his 12 years in the big time. How old are you and how do you feel, the press asked Pearman. "I am 36 years old," panted Pearman, "and I am very happy."

For a reasonable price of \$1.50 a seat, 7,000 people at Dayton virtually got a repeat performance of the 1957 Melbourne Olympics, with a few changes in the cast. There were at Dayton 45 Olympians, and 14 of 21 events were won by Olympians. The sprints lost a good bit of luster by the absence of Bobby Moore, who decided that he was too tired after the long Olympic year. The sprints gained some luster by the return of the big redhead, Dave Sims of Duke. A week before the Dayton meet, Sims's track career had been saved in the nick of time by the kindly, pink-checked vigilante of amateurism, Secretary Dan Farris of the AAU. In budgeting his time between his three big aims, a medical career, a pro baseball career, and amateur track, this spring Sims had devoted only three weeks to track, then concentrated on baseball, planning to play in the semipro South Dakota league which has been a dubious summertime haven for college ballplayers. Less than an hour before he started his first game in Dakota, Sims got a wire warning him that he was risking his amateur standing. Sims took off his cleats, put on his track spikes for a five-day workout for the national 100-yard competition. Five days is not quite enough, even for the greatest record breaker of them all. Through his heat and semifinal, Sims improved, but his pickup in the straight was still not what it was a year ago. With 30 yards to go in the final,

WORKING ALIBIS Mike Lincoln refused to be deflated and won a tactical race, comfortably beating the only U.S. four-minute man.

FOR JUNIOR

time, Olympian Leonard King and Billie White were dead even, but King had the edge at the tape.

In the absence of Olympic Champion Parry O'Brien, Olympian Bill Nieder won the shotput. Olympic Champion Hal Connolly won the hammer throw, Olympic Champion Lee Calhoun won the high hurdles, while Olympic Champion Glenn Davis went over the 440-yard hurdles with seeming ease and in cracking fast time, setting a new American record of 50.9, a scant 10th of a second off the pending world record. Not knowing that the high-jump apron at Dayton was hard as oak, Olympic Champion Charles Jones had brought long-jacked shoes. Scarcely letting the fast upset him at all, Dumas stopped in a Dayton shoe store, then left all 20 rivals behind at 6 feet 9 inches and went on to win at 6 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, wearing tennis sneakers.

After posting a 3:58.7 mile a month ago, the home-grown American running hero of the 1957 season, Don Bowden of California, announced that he would concentrate this summer on the half mile. Two weeks ago, in beating the raceway Ron Delany in the National Collegiate half mile, he had come within half a second of Tom Courtney's world record. Thus, a week before the national meet at Dayton got under way, it was the half mile that loomed as the thriller-diller—the old rivalry between Olympians Tom Courtney and Arnie Sewell, with Bowden in the middle of it. Thus, two days after his great half mile against Delany, Bowden got an idea to try another mile, motivated in part by the fact that the visiting Australian miler, Merv Lincoln, having beaten every Yank so far, deserved more opposition in the final race of his U.S. tour.

So, instead of one thriller-diller, there were two duets: at 880 yards between Courtney and Sewell again, and then between the four-minute milers, Bowden and Lincoln. The mile field, full of tactical caution, hit the half-mark in 2:07, where Bowden took over almost by default. He planned to build his pace up about 500 yards from home and slowly deflate Lincoln's final push. "I was working at it," Bowden reflected later, "I felt I was going along, but I wasn't. It just wasn't there." On the gun lap, Lincoln and also Bobby Seaman of UCLA were passing Bowden. Seaman passed Bowden and, in the middle of the last turn, with 120 yards to go, Lincoln jumped them both and came down the straight a tactical winner in a proper, tactical time of 4:04.1.

The old hands at the half dallied through the first quarter, leaving the pace to the promising New York high schooler Tommy Carroll. As Carroll moved through the first quarter in 55.9 seconds, the veterans rolled along behind him in a clump, ready to pounce. Sewell made the first move, and in 20 yards Carroll was lost in a stampering swirl into the final backstretch. Courtney was boxed, and it looked as if Sewell might sneak away with it. But Tom stepped through into the clear and finished with strength to spare, winner in a more proper tactical time of 1:50.1.

The Olympians and other old hands yielded graciously to a corner in the last event, the 220-yard dash. Olan Cassell, a rangy college freshman whose fame had scarcely spread beyond the hills of east Tennessee, tied the meet record of 21 seconds flat. "In this crowd," confessed Olan, "I expect I was a bit lucky."

(CWB)



EARLY DALLER Tom Courtney was momentarily boxed but got free to win half mile without threatening his own world record.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

SUMMIT MEETING ON THE FIRST TEE • THE JAGUARS
ENDURE AT LE MANS • A MODEST PROPOSAL FOR ROAD
DECORUM BY AN MC MAN • TURN PRO AND FIGHT FLOYD

DECISION AT BURNING TREE

A GOLF COURSE is not always the proper stage upon which to conduct diplomacy; there is something about the game, in fact, which sometimes exacerbates a man's central nervous system to a point at which he cannot resist breaking a club across his knee—thereby staving off the wild impulse to break it over his partner's head. Both the personalities and athletic capabilities of the Mosens, Dwight D. Eisenhower and Nobusuke Kishi, however, seemed to complement each other last week when the President took Japan's Prime Minister—with whom he was engaged in a series of top-level talks—to Washington's Burning Tree Club for 18 international holes of golf.

The engagement was launched on a note which must have afforded both men a good deal of pleasure. The President, aware that Kishi is a very decent (high 80s) golfer, called Max Elbin, Burning Tree's professional, on the telephone some days ahead of time and ordered a gift (charged against his personal bill) for his opponent-to-be: eight irons, four woods and a putter tailored to fit a 5-foot 4-inch 130-pounder. Kishi was delighted, as most golfers would have been: they were Ben Hogan clubs and the bag containing them bore a gold plate on which was inscribed, TO PRIME MINISTER KISHI FROM PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.

The President (who wore tan slacks, a short-sleeved cotton sport shirt and a fashionable straw hat) could hardly have been human if he did not feel a certain added kindness toward the Prime Minister as they stood on the practice tee. Kishi (white cap, black

poloshirt, gray slacks) had trouble with his backswing, was obviously nervous and hit his shots badly. The President was relaxed and shrewd. When he introduced Senator Prescott Bush, a fine golfer, who was to be Kishi's partner, he started: "He's a Harvard man." Bush interjected: "Oh, no, Mr. President—Yale," and the President threw both arms into the air, laughed, and cried, "Oh, no—a Whiffenpoof."

When the Prime Minister belted his first drive into the rough the President shouted: "What's that long word—Meichido?" (freely translated: take a Mulligan) and beamed in a proprietary manner when Kishi then hit one 170 yards down the middle. Ise also looked extremely satisfied when he himself then hit a sound drive of 225 yards.

The game was not quite that lopsided, however; the Prime Minister's short game was more effective than his driving. In the end, Ise and Takino Matsumoto (a member of the Japanese Diet and an old friend of Kishi's) and the Prime Minister and Bush came out all even—nerves loose, honor satisfied and a truly diplomatic atmosphere achieved.

It would be improper to suggest that the game had anything at all to do with the fact that the U.S. agreed, shortly thereafter, to withdraw its combat ground forces from Japan. Just say simply that at Burning Tree both parties involved afforded the world an exhibition of give-and-take such as seldom openly occurs between the leaders of great powers.

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

• Update in the Mines

While major league baseball was opening its books to Congress and the public (see page 18), the mines released some noteworthy figures of their own: early season attendance in 26 leagues from Canada to Mexico totaled 4,180,000 up to May 31—a gain of more than 100,000 over the same period last year.

• Turndown in Moscow

Plans to send a U.S. track team to Moscow for a two-nation meet in mid-July came crashing on the Russians balked at the prospect that their own athletes—like other visiting athletes—would have to consent to fingerprinting before being admitted to the U.S. for a return meet in 1953.

• Princeton Pays Off

Princeton's national championship 180-pound crew flew off to England to defend their Henley title after making part of their travel costs in a novel bit of enterprise: they sold \$1,500 worth of plaques for the game of Pinball (SL, May 13) to alumni and well-wishers at the Princeton reunion.

• Thanksgiving Revised

Most disappointed citizens of Plymouth, Mass. were members of the First Unitarian church who long ago arranged a first-Monday-evening-after dinner of welcome and thanksgiving for Mayflower II's crew. Not a single crewman appeared. They were all before television cameras, either CBS's in New York or NBC's aboard ship.

TO A FRENCH FARMER in a distant barnyard, the roar of Le Mans is like the drone of bees. From near by it is a gigantic sound that writes unceasingly in the air for 24 hours. It began at 4 p.m. last Saturday, and with it began fear and apprehension. Two years ago, 83 were killed at Le Mans when Pierre Levegh's Mercedes hurtled over a barrier and into the crowd. Last year there were changes in the track and pits, made in the interest of safety. There was also a limitation on fuel consumption which made the race dull and slow. Now the fuel restrictions were relaxed, and the prospect was for greater speed than ever. With it came the possibility of another disaster.

As night fell, mist rose here and there on the 8.4-mile course. The headlights of the racing cars streaked through it like tracer bullets. Behind the grandstand and in woods along the road, carnivals set out to attract with their rival noises some of the 250,000 spectators who came to Le Mans. There were freaks, thrill rides and a test-show revue called *The Pearl of the Nile*.

For the first 25 laps the race had developed as expected into a duel between Italian cars: Maserati versus Ferrari. From the second to the 25th lap the English driver Mike Hawthorn kept his Ferrari grimly—and barely—aboard of the Maserati driven by Jean Behra of France. Then Hawthorn pulled into the pit with mechanical trouble, and Behra took the lead only to lose it in his turn—and for good—with a leaking fuel tank. First place was taken over by the Englishman Ivor Bueb in a Jaguar.

At 4 a.m., the halfway point, the first four places were held by Jaguars. That of Bueb (and of his co-driver, Ron Flockhart) was still No. 1, with a five-lap lead. The drivers of the proud Italian cars (four of which were entered) saw their chances diminish as mechanical problems and pit stops continued.

The one serious collision took place on a 90° turn when an Aston-Martin skidded off the track and was hit by a Porsche as it careened back on again. But though the Porsche was wrecked, neither of the drivers suffered much more than shock and bruises. There were two hours of drizzling rain during the night, and two hours of heavy fog in the early-morning hours. Through it all the battery of Jaguars roared on. At 4 p.m. on Sunday they finished one, two, three, four—with that of Bueb and Flockhart still No. 1. It was

a familiar feeling to both drivers and a three-year victory string for Jaguar: Bueb had helped drive the winning Jaguar in 1955, Flockhart in 1956.

There were five Jaguars in the race. The remaining one finished in sixth place, separated from its four mates only by a Ferrari which finished fifth. All the Jaguars were privately entered, but racing experts and technicians from the factory were on hand to help out with advice and service. Their winning in 1955 had been clouded by the dreadful death toll of the race and the withdrawal of Mercedes, and in 1956 by the fact that some of the safety limitations then in effect gave Jaguar an advantage over other cars.

This year there were no such clouds. And Bueb and Flockhart had set a new record at Le Mans for average speed: 113.8 miles per hour, for 24 hours.

FRATERNITY ON THE ROAD

LIKE MOST PEOPLE who acquire a sports car, Jim Murray, a member of this magazine's West Coast staff, had a number of things to adjust to. His is an MG-A—"a little apple-green job with black leather and all sorts of snap-on things all over the place." He had to learn to shift gears again, to fit himself comfortably into less space than he was accustomed to, and to put up with the current wisecracks from scary drivers at stop lights ("Where do you wind it up, Pope?").

"But then suddenly," he tells us, "it all became worthwhile. I was driving down the Pacific Coast Highway one afternoon when it happened. I noticed with some curiosity that another MG-A was approaching in the opposite direction. I looked it over thoughtfully. Suddenly the other driver looked up—the sun glinted off his smoked glasses and his madras cap tilted back. And he waved at me!

"My first reaction was to look back and see whether I had a flat tire. Then I slowed the car down so that I had to down-gear it twice to keep it going. Pimpstition broke out all over me and I was almost desperate—until another MG swept by me from the rear. He waved, too!

"I realized what had happened: I had not just bought a car. I had joined a select fraternity. I could hardly wait to get back into town the next day and buy myself a madras cap and possibly a tartan scarf. I don't smoke but I put a package of English Orbits in the side pocket, just in case. It wasn't long before I was hawking and waving amiably at every passing MG.

"Later I found out that this is wrong, that there is a definite protocol to be followed. For instance, if the MG is an old TC or other quasi-classic car, you give him the option of waving or not waving, as he sees fit. Then there is the business of mistaking other English cars in the twilight hours. One evening the driver of a white Triumph harked enthusiastically and waved,



but he pulled even with me and realized his mistake I saw the distress on his face.

"I have now learned all the laws and bylaws of this exclusive club I belong to. It is not a club for gentlemen only—you should see the lovely girls with blonde hair and wind-blown, MG faces who wave enthusiastically at me as they pass. And I wave back, too.

"Now I wonder why all car owners don't adopt this delightful habit. Why should the bonds of kinship extend only to the drivers of imported cars?

"I look forward to the time when Cadillac owners flick their cigars at each other or their wives flash their diamonds in Morse code as they pass, and when the Chrysler dip their fins in mutual salute.

"There is no telling where this kind of thing might lead—to each make of car's having its own highways, possibly. At least it would be unthinkable for one MG to crash into another (just not come, old boy), or one Ford into another, and that would reduce accidents by a small but steady percentage. Meanwhile, just dream of the possibility of Ava Gardner's buying the same make of car as you, and taking the same road some sunny day."

AMATEUR IN WAITING

PETE RADENBACHER is a large, pale bear of a man of Finnish ancestry from the Yakima Valley town of Tinton in the state of Washington. He stands 6 feet 1½ inches, weighs 214, is 28 years old and has little hair on his massive head. He has a B.S. in animal husbandry from Washington State College, where he played defensive guard in football. Until recently Pete was an amateur prize fighter of distinction. He had won 72 times (39 knock-outs) in 79 bouts and gained a slew of titles, including last year's Olympic heavyweight championship. Although

continued



continued

he has never had a professional fight, Pete Rademacher is very likely to meet Floyd Patterson for the championship of the world in Seattle the week of August 19, which would be a completely unprecedented undertaking.

Rademacher is a man of contagious confidence. He has carried the notion of challenging Patterson with him since the Olympics, but it was not until early this March that he did anything about it. Then, while assistant athletic officer at Fort Benning, Ga., he met Joe Gannon, a now-retired fighter who lost to Patterson in 1954. Gannon casually asked Rademacher if he intended to turn pro. "If I can get a match with the champion," Pete replied quickly. Gannon laughed indulgently. "You're crazy," he said. "No, I only get the champion in his first post fight," Rademacher shrugged.

But the idea lodged in Gannon's mind, and shortly afterward he approached Gus D'Annunzio, Patterson's manager. As Gus tells it, Gannon said he had something "so fantastic I don't like to talk about it."

"You're talking to a man who likes the fantastic," Gus replied. Gannon then told him.

"The more I thought about it," Gus relates, "the better I liked it. It caught my imagination. I got all excited. It'll go down in history. I said to myself, People will forget I was manager of Patterson, but they'll always remember my part in this fight."

"I'll take it," Gus finally announced, "if the money is right."

The right money was a \$250,000 guarantee for Patterson, a figure Gus had been offered for Patterson to fight a ranked professional.

The chore of raising the guarantee went to one Melchior Milo Chaplin Jennings, an extremely affable, 40-year-old Yale graduate and Columbian, Ga. sporting goods store proprietor who is Rademacher's friend, adviser and business partner. Jennings is obviously a persuasive man, for by June 1 \$250,000 had been placed in escrow in the Fourth National Bank of Columbus, the sum being furnished by 22 persons, most of them Georgians.

Jack Hurley of Seattle was invited to promote the bout, immediately accepted and boasted that it would draw \$500,000 in the town where Rademacher was recently voted the outstanding young man of the year. The August engagement, of course, depends on Patterson's disposing of Har-

riane Jackson in their fight July 23.

What valiance would Rademacher have? Well, he is cunning, mature and possesses enormous strength. He has some boxing skill and can punch. But he has been knocked down, and, presumably, could be knocked out.

Cas is not taking the match lightly, and, realizing that it will be hosted at outside of Seattle and Columbus, is going to come pains to build it up. "When I first met Pete," he says, "I thought he didn't have a chance. The more I saw of him, appreciated his emotional and psychological maturity, the more I wondered. Why, you know if he gets lucky, he won't have to work another day in his life."

What did Patterson think about the bout?

"Floyd," I said when I told him, "don't smile when I say this to you." He didn't smile. He looked surprised.

"You don't mean the Olympic champ?" he said.

"I do," I said.

"Gee," Floyd said, "that'll be something."

PASSING OF A LEGEND

TAD JONES died last week in the fullness of years and honors, one of the greatest athletes and coaches in the 85-year history of football at Yale.

His achievements on the playing fields of 1905-67 earned him an undergraduate reputation almost equally woven of Frank Merriwell and the Chevalier Bayard. And the years he was head coach at New Haven (1916, 1920-1927) were marked by such fine teams and by so much devotion to the

highest ideals of sportsmanship that a cloud of sentiment has settled over discussions of the era. When Tad Jones coached, Yale did not merely win; virtue itself was rewarded every Saturday afternoon. Tad became known to younger and more kokum-wary generations not as a great athlete but as a figure responsible for the comeliest dressing-room pep talks: "Gentlemen, you are about to play football for Yale against Harvard. Never in your lives will you do anything so important."

Tad Jones could say such things with elemental integrity. It was literally true for him. A vivid, emotional character, he made playing Harvard as important for his generation as it was for him personally. He was playing self-taught football in Exeter, Ohio with his brother Howard—who became an even more famous coach at Southern California) when he was spotted and started on his awesome way: a fluid and deadly straight-arming runner while at Exeter, a superbly poised varsity field general as a Yale freshman and, at last, a two-time Walter Camp All-America quarterback selection.

He emerged as an heroic figure not so much for qualities he possessed as for those he lacked. Calculation, assurance, wit, cynicism, all seemed to have been replaced by his unquestioning belief in the importance of the game he played or taught. In the 1907 Princeton game, Yale was miserably whipped in the first half that the team sat stunned in the dressing room and did not return to the field when the intermission ended. The willfulness of Yale's delay of the game has been variously explained. But it is certain that when Yale finally did return to the field it was Tad Jones's performance, beginning with a spectacular run-back of a punt, that turned the tide for Yale. Tears streaming down his cheeks, he led his team to what *The New York Times* of the day called the most wonderful victory ever won "by a team seemingly defeated."

He could tell his teams that playing Harvard was the most important act they would ever perform, but not because he exaggerated the importance of football, Yale or Harvard in the scheme of the universe. He rather belonged to a generation that saw the ideals of sport as woven throughout life, an essential part of human existence, whose great moments were so wonderful the loftiest phrases could not do justice to them. As a prosperous oil dealer in his later years he still followed football, but "I don't see Yale much," he said. "I can't stand it."



SEAMY SIDE

This lady's feed of boats, one dreams, she sails there and she sees them. In fact she doesn't sail the seas. As others do—she sees them.

—RICHARD ARONSON



BRAND
Explosives



FACTOR
Disabled



HOTEL
Port or starboard



UNIFORM
Standing into danger



VICTOR
Require assistance



I cannot make headway



You should go ahead easy



Boat is a longboat



I require a water boat



It is impossible to land



Fairway is dangerous



That flag is coming on



Signal is not understood
though flags are distinguished



You should raise your radio room



YACHTING HERALDRY

The colorful flags that fly from ships and yacht clubs carry messages to anyone who knows the sign language of the sea

by EZRA BOWEN



STROKE WARNING

EVERY ONE of the brightly shaded flags and burgees on these pages means something to the seafaring men who can understand or recognize their patterns. For each flag, whether it is in the sailor's alphabet (see cover) or whether it is one of the private signals of the yachting organizations and amateur sailors at right and on the following pages, has a distinctive design that carries a built-in message. The simplest patterns are in the alphabet flags, and they are made simple so they can be quickly recognized across a couple of miles of open water. On the top row above are five samples from the sailor's alphabet, which is the same for all nations that operate under the International signal code. Each of the flags stands for a specific letter. Hoisted singly or in combination, they can spell out virtually any communication that might conceivably be exchanged between vessels.

Sometimes the message is a terse warning. For example, the letter B hoisted at the masthead means "I am taking aboard gasoline or explosives." The letter F means "I am

disabled." But hoisted together, the two flags lose their separate meanings and spell out the message, "I cannot make headway."

Each of these letters also has a name of its own—Alfa for A, Bravo for B, Charlie for C—so that when the captain calls for something like a change in course, which is always signaled by hoisting a combination of code flags, the signalman won't think the captain said JT for follow me, when he really said JP for turn right, and thereby sink half the fleet.

The yacht club flags are generally quite simple, but many of them have some sort of theme woven into the design. The Northeast Harbor Fleet burgee (above right) shows a blue compass pointing to where northeast would be if north were at the top of the flagpole. The Atlanta and Corpus Christi clubs indulge in a little local chauvinism in their flag patterns, specifically, the Confederate colors and the Texas Lone Star motif. Each one of the Royal clubs—The Royal Canadian, The Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Squadron, etc.—carries a crown



COCKTAILS

(not continued on page 27)



THE CORINTHIANS



U. S.
POWER SQUABRONS



NORTHEAST
HARBOR FLEET
Mount Desert Island, Me.



LARCHMONT
Larchmont, N. Y.



ROYAL
ST. LAWRENCE
Boréal, Que.



ST. PETERSBURG
St. Petersburg, Fla.



HABANA
Habana, Cuba



CHICAGO
Chicago



SEATTLE
Seattle



EASTERN
Waltham, Mass.



AMERICAN
Rye, N. Y.



ANNAPOLIS
Annapolis, Md.



BISCAYNE BAY
Miami



ROYAL CARIBBEAN
Toronto, Ont.



MILWAUKEE
Milwaukee



ST. FRANCIS
San Francisco



BEVERLY
Marion, Mass.



SEAWANHAKA
CORINTHIAN
Oyster Bay, N. Y.



U. S.
NAVAL ACADEMY
SAILING SQUADRON
Annapolis, Md.



HOUSTON
La Porte, Texas



LAKE GEORGE
Bath, N. Y.



PEWAUKEE
Pewaukee, Wis.



NEWPORT HARBOR
Bakers, Calif.



104 LEWIS
Newport, R. I.



BAY HEAD
Bay Head, N. J.



ATLANTA
Milledgeville, Ga.



CORPUS CHRISTI
Corpus Christi, Texas



TOLEDO
Toledo



ROYAL VANCOUVER
Vancouver, B. C.



BALBOA
Newport Beach, Calif.



CRUISING CLUB
OF AMERICA New York



AMERICAN
POWER BOAT ASSN.
Detroit



NEW YORK
New York



ROYAL
NOVA SCOTIA
YACHT SQUADRON
Halifax, N. S.



S. Y. C.
Southern
New Orleans



ROYAL BERMUDA
Hamilton, Bermuda



DETROIT
Detroit



PORTLAND
Portland, Ore.



SAN DIEGO
San Diego

FLAGS AND BURGEES OF 39 LEADING NORTH AMERICAN YACHT CLUBS

PRIVATE SIGNALS OF 48 NORTH AMERICAN



RONALD STEVENSON
Montreal, Que.



CHARLES SHERMAN PAYSON
Pittsford, N.Y.



BRADLEY P. WOODS
Marblehead, Mass.



E. RAYMOND HUNT
Tampa, N. H.



GRANT THOMPSON
Oak Grove, Conn.



DECOURCY FALES
Guilford, N. J.



HAROLD S. VANDERBILT
New York



COHN E. RATSEY
Rye, N. Y.



WILLIAM EDGAR JOHN
Rye, N. H.



J. BLAIR BARTISM
Greenwich, Conn.



HENRY STERN
Greenwich, Conn.



CARL HOWARD
Rye, N. Y.



CORNELIUS SHIELDS
Sachin, N. Y.



RICHARD A. MELLON
Pittsburgh



FIERT S. DE PORT H
Westland, Ont.



VAN S. MERLE SMITH JR.
Middletown, N.Y.



L. CORBIN STRONG
Washington, D. C.



GARNER H. PEULS
New Orleans



L. L. MCMASTER
St. Petersburg, Fla.



GEORGE A. PEARSON
St. Petersburg, Fla.



JACK W. PRICE
Miami



ROBERT MOSBACHER
Houston



LUIS VIDANA
Havana, Cuba



CHARLES LARKIN II
Buffalo



WILLIAM ROBERT TIMMER
Cleveland



BENSON FORD
Detroit



NORMAN LEINS
St. Clair, Mich.



NICHOLAS J. GEIB
Chicago



ROMAN C. BROTZ
Shakopee, Wis.



CLANTON IRVING
Green Bay, Wis.



DAVID E. SKINNER
Bellevue, Wash.



HORACE W. MCCURDY
Port Townsend, Wash.



CARL D. F. JENSEN
Seattle



JAMES MICHAEL
San Francisco



T. L. MOSELEY
San Francisco



RICHARD S. SHIMM
Los Angeles



IRA P. FULMER
Pasadena, Calif.



D. WALTER ELLIOTT
Long Beach, Calif.



WILLIAM S. STEWART
Los Angeles



JOHN M. SCRIPPS
San Diego

continued

JOHN NICHOLAS BROWN
Newport, R.I.GEORGE E. ROOSEVELT
New YorkHENRY S. MORGAN
Northport, N.Y.HARVEY CONOVER
Marineville, N.Y.ALLEN B. DU MONT
Cedar Grove, N.J.CARLETON MITCHELL
Annapolis, Md.ARTHUR IRVINE DAVIS
South Miami, Fla.LOCKWOOD M. PRIE
Coral Gables, Fla.

somewhere in the design. But most of the clubs or organizations, like the U.S. Power Squadron, the Detroit Yacht Club, the Pewaukee Yacht Club or the U.S. Naval Academy Sailing Squadron, stick to basic or self-explanatory designs, usually the initials of the club superimposed on a combination of primary colors.

When it comes to personal flags, however, the barriers of simplicity and convention are down. Anyone who wants a flag can order it in any design he chooses. He doesn't have to belong to a club. He doesn't even have to own a boat. All he has to do is send his order to any one of a dozen or so companies, like the Capitol Flag Company in Houston, the Tabery Corp. in Los Angeles, or Abercrombie & Fitch in New York, and in a reasonable time he will get his flag. The only restrictions are those of his own personal taste.

Some tastes are uncomplicated. For example, Ira F. Palmer of Pasadena, Calif., simply put a big F on a burgee made from the F code flag. Cornelius Shields likes the color green and prefers rectangular flags to triangles, so he put three green bars on a rectangle. Both these sailors were looking for something recognizable. Jack Price and Carleton Mitchell also thought in terms of recognition, but their designs are more personal and involved. Price's red-bulld catter is named *Comanche*, whence the red Indian head. Mitchell, skipper of the famous ocean racer *Finisterre*, likes the soaring gull because it symbolizes for him the feeling of freedom in deep-water sailing.

In the field of really complex designs, George A. Pearson's burgee is perhaps the ultimate example. The name of Pearson's boat is *Cuba*. Therefore he put a blue C on the white field of his burgee. The C forms part of the outline of a woman's face. The rest of the face is filled in by a Martini glass, a musical note and a pair of red lips. As Mr. Pearson explains it, all this has to do with the fact that "An Englishman once said, 'The backbone of yachting

is immorality.'" Translating immorality into wine, women and song, Mr. Pearson then produced the design for his personal burgee.

Norman Barnes had essentially the same theme, but he picked it to reflect the name of his boat *Rereby*. Nicholas Gosh, a musical instrument case-maker, took a section from the treble clef and dropped it in a musical G note. Richard S. Rheem interlocked five circles to symbolize the feeling of togetherness (not necessarily inspired by anyone) within his family of five. Charles Shipman Payson chose an adventuring viking ship to recall the name of his boat *Saga*. DeCoursey Fales put his family crest, a lion holding an arrow, on his flag. Henry S. Morgan, and all the rest of the sailing Morgans, for that matter, fly the crescent and star of the Moslem faith because their grandfather, John Pierpont Morgan, flew that flag. Henry S. Morgan, and all the rest of the sailing Morgans, for that matter, fly the crescent and star of the Moslem faith because their grandfather, John Pierpont Morgan, flew that flag. Henry S. Morgan, and all the rest of the sailing Morgans, for that matter, fly the crescent and star of the Moslem faith because their grandfather, John Pierpont Morgan, flew that flag. Henry S. Morgan, and all the rest of the sailing Morgans, for that matter, fly the crescent and star of the Moslem faith because their grandfather, John Pierpont Morgan, flew that flag.



TUNA FLAG

There is one other category of nautical flags. These are the universal symbols, which stand for neither letters nor clubs nor people. The symbolic flags, which usually look like what they mean, indicate something is about to happen, or has just happened—like the blue and white flag above that means the boat from which it flies has landed a tuna. The most familiar of the symbols—and perhaps the best known of all nautical flags—is the red and black storm warning shown on page 24. This flag, usually hoisted at a weather station or Coast Guard station in combination with other symbols to show the force and direction of the storm, is a stern warning to all craft in the vicinity to take refuge immediately. Perhaps not so well known, but far more welcome to all sailors is the other symbol shown at the bottom of page 24—a red cocktail glass on a white field. This is a gentle reminder to all yachtsmen that the sun is under the yardarms, that all serious sailing should cease, and anyone who happens to be thirsty is invited aboard for a drink.

TURN PAGE FOR HONOLULU RACE PREVIEW



PREPARE FAVORITE In Ira P. Fulmer's 61-foot yawl *Criterion*, Fulmer was race in 39-foot *Shepherd* in 1933, 1935.



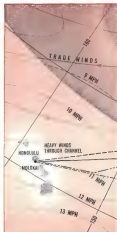
CLASS-A CONTENDER *Jade* won 3,771-mile race to Tahiti in 1936, will carry Brooks' *Illustration* register in Honolulu race.

DOWNWIND TO HAWAII

The cream of Pacific Coast yacht racers is standing ready
to shove off on the 2,230-mile downwind slide to Honolulu

ON JULY 4, off San Pedro, just north of Los Angeles Harbor, 35 of the West Coast's finest yachts will head out on the longest continually scheduled ocean race in the world, the 2,230-mile run to Honolulu (see chart at right). On past performance alone, the favorite for this grueling dash halfway across the Pacific must be Ira P. Fulmer, skipper of the 61-foot Alden yawl *Criterion* (above). Fulmer, who won two out of the last three Honolulu races (he was first in 1935 and 1933, second in 1931), has spent the entire spring boring *Criterion* into the sharpest racing trim. His crew has trained like football players so they can stand up to the grind of four hours on watch, then four hours off, from the time they leave California

continued



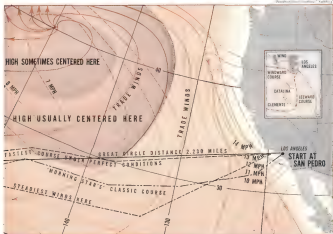
COURSE TO HONOLULU is continual gamble with weather. After start off Los Angeles



DESIGNER BOAT for 1967 Monohull race in 88-foot cutter *Berkeley*, was purchased by Bruce Hinckley of La Canada, Calif.



RECORD-SETTER Morning Star made Honolulu's crossing in nine days 15 hours in 1965. Now for sale, she will not enter 1967 race.



Harbor (reef), skips its first cruise windward or leeward passage around coastal islands. Once out at sea they pick up trade winds.

then go north or south, depending on where they think atmospheric high will be. Man who guesses wrong can be localized for days.

DOWNWIND TO HAWAII

continued

until they arrive at the finish line off Diamond Head some two weeks later. And Fulmer himself is a deadly competitor who believes that sailing may be for fun but races are for winning. For days before the starting gun goes off, he and his navigator pore over all available data on winds and currents. And on the lonely crossing, in which it is possible to travel 2,000 miles without seeing another sail, Fulmer pushes his boat and his crew as though there were an imaginary rival right alongside.

Despite this awesome competitive drive, however, none of the other 34 entries are giving Fulmer a thing until they hit Oahu. For the drawn-out Honolulu, perhaps more than any other ocean race, is what the skippers call a "crap shoot," in which the whim of the weather can have as much to do with determining the winner as any amount of skill or strategy.

The key to a fast crossing is to pick not necessarily the shortest course but the one that will provide the steady winds. As the map on pages 28 and 29 shows, there is usually an area of high atmospheric pressure right on the straight-line course between Los Angeles and Honolulu. The winds that push the boats to Honolulu come whirling down off this high. Within the center of the high, however, there is a broad area of calms. The boat that takes the shorter course can win the race provided she doesn't shave too

close to the center of the high, where she can be becalmed for days.

In 1947, for example, Movie Actor Frank Morgan, whose undermanned boat had small chance of winning, took a wild flyer on a southerly course. As it happened, that was one of the years when the Pacific high pressure area also moved south. So while the favorites first battled strong headwinds, then pooped along in light air, Morgan and company were flying for Honolulu to pick up the winner's trophy. Two years later the 93-foot *Morning Star*, after making a supercilious show of advanced weather data of the entire route across, threaded her way along a more northerly course to set a record of 10 days 15 hours 13 minutes for the crossing, which she again lowered to the existing record of 9 days 15 hours 5 minutes in 1955.

In 1953, on the other hand, J. W. Crawford's *Dirigo II* entered the game of hide-and-seek with the trade winds and took a course that plucked her into the middle of one of the longest, flattest calms in transpacific racing history. *Dirigo* flopped around only 340 miles from Diamond Head, while *Stop-Around* won the race and half the rest of the fleet pulled in to get ready for the post-race party. Finally, on July 17, three days after the first finisher crossed the line, the crew of the *Dirigo* threw up their hands via a radio message that most West Coast sailors consider the classic complaint on the classic race. "Out of wind," said the message, "out of patience and out of beer." **END**



BEST SAILOR in the race is Ira P. Fulmer, fleet winner in 1951 and 1955, and two-time commander of Transpacific Yacht Club.



PRETTIEST SAILOR in the fleet is Martha T. Baker, of San Diego, only woman to command a boat in the 1957 Honolulu race.

ENTRIES FOR THE HONOLULU RACE

SCHOONERS

ALTIRA—48', Hugh Jacks; **CONSTITUTION**—75', Macfarland Smith; **HARBO**—60', Frank Wade; **SUNSHINE**—56', William Fulmer; **SEADRIFT**—55', Lorenz Farrell; **SEA BOND II**—45', William Waring; **QUARTLEY**—42', Martha Baker; **QUEEN MIE** 70', Brunson & Pringle; **VOLUNTEER** 50', Jack Rogers.

KETCHES

REACTOR—50', Bert Holland; **SOULS DEL** Mak—50', John Scripps.

CUTTERS

EARLEVENTS—53', Frank Hooykase; **DEWITT**—40', Frank Hathwell; **GOOTE** 1908—50', Fred Adams; **NIM RUCV** 65', Louis Stahem; **OSNEY**—63', Y. I.

Mossley; **NATHAN MITCHEL**—56', Edwin Fuld; **YANKEE DOODLE**—60', E. W. DeKoning; **YANKEE**—60', Gerald Eddy.

SLOOPS

HYPERBELL—44', Wilford Ziemeyer; **ELLEN**—41', Ralph Monte; **LUCERO**—50', Charles Gileas; **WESTBROOK**—44', Dix Ross; **NALE II**—65', Peter Grant; **PARD TOW**—46', Ray Elliot Jr.; **SQUALL**—47', Albert Martin Jr.; **TARCO II**—49', Thomas Short.

YAWLS

CRICK—62', Ray Cooke; **CRITERION**—61', I. P. Fulmer; **JADA**—56', George & William Sturge; **KALADA**—50', John Kilroy; **KIRAWAN**—53', C. Farwell; **ROCKAW**—60', J. J. Franklin-Evans; **OSKINS**—53', S. Long; **SLUGGERTIE II**—55', Edwin Mussey.



YOUNGEST FAVORITE is 23-year-old Peter Grant, winner in Class C and third on corrected time in overall standings in 1955.

Light refreshment
and lovely figures

Look around this summer and see what sensible diet ingredients help make the American home both trimmer and thinner.

This modern trend toward lighter, less-filling food and drink is clearly reflected in Pepsi-Cola, too. Refreshment comes in a new, lighter Pepsi-Cola—the modern, the light refreshment. Always say “Pepsi, please”—and refresh without filling.

Pepsi-Cola
refreshes without filling





ST. ANDREWS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALKER EVANS





The Old Course at St. Andrews. The justly celebrated cradle of golf, is located on a thumb of undulating, game-strewn linksland which juts into the sea below the gray heights of the old Scottish town. Like no other course in the world in

its layout, St. Andrews' holes march, single file, the length of the thumb, perform a loop and march back again toward town. As the photograph above illustrates, one tremendous, double-green serves both an outgoing and an incoming hole





*Grid Dana mY, residents of the town and red-garbed students
at St. Andrew's University cross the Roman stone bridge over
the Southern River as they follow a watch to the Irish green*

THE COURSE: MAGIC AND MYSTERY

by S. L. MCKINLAY

A noted Scottish golfing writer takes his readers on a nostalgic stroll around the world's most famous links

WITHOUT DOUBT, the right way to approach St. Andrews is by train; and the right way to approach the Old Course is on foot by a route I shall prescribe. This is necessary because there are two moments of magic that any golfer of sensibility may savor at St. Andrews if he takes the wise precaution. Other wonderful moments there will be, too—as when he gets his first 4 at the Road Hole, or sends a second shot triumphantly over Hell Bunker, or is taken into the holy of holies, the back room of Laurie Auchterlonie's little shop, and sees one of the few remaining craftsmen habilitating with his enormous hands a wooden club head that may be destined for the bag of an Amateur champion or for a British proconsul in some remote pink area on the map of the world.

These later moments may be the result of luck or skillful contriving. The two that may be captured by every new visitor to the old gray town, which is the heart and head of golf, are these: his first sight of St. Andrews hanging on its cliff top over the sea and the links, and his first sight of the Old Course lying at his feet.

To begin with, the intelligent visitor must go by train, any train that drops him at Leuchars Junction, where he picks up a little local train that will take him the few miles to St. Andrews. It is a brief, unremarkable journey until, of a sudden, the train rounds the corner of a wood and begins to run between flatish fields with odd bumps and bunkers and richly green, irregularly curved patches that can only be putting greens.

"If this," he thinks, "is the Old Course, there's nothing remarkable about it." Nor is there, for it is not the Old Course, not yet. It is part of the Eden Course, one of the four 18-hole courses lying in the narrow strip of linkland between the sea and the rich fields of Fife. The fuzzy little train puffs on in a wide curve, and there, lying straight ahead, is one of the most beautiful skylines in the golfer's world—an old castle, lofty towers of a medieval cathedral, tall tenements, the St. Andrews University buildings and an isolated block of red sandstone in the otherwise uniform gray, what is still known as the Grand Hotel though it is now a students' hostel.

The golfer may have had just time to notice that the course alongside the railway has taken on a new look—the greens are bigger, the bunkers wider and deeper with here and there a tiny sea big enough only for an angry man and his niblick—when the train sweeps through a courtyard and past some garden and halts amid cries of "St. Andrews."

Now comes the second moment of decision. The golfer may do with his gear as he wishes, but I insist that he now take a walk of a few hundred yards and have a look at the course he has come to play. He will find himself in a pleasant town with many trees. A few minutes' walk will bring him to Filmarie Links and, passing Laurie Auchterlonie's shop on his left hand, he will come to a narrow street called Gold Place, which runs off to the left.

In the distance he will catch a glimpse of the sea. Let him walk a bare 50 yards and there, virtually at his feet, lies the Tom Morris green, the 18th on the Old Course, right under the shadow of the hotels, golf shops and golf clubhouses that line the last fairway for three-quarters of its length.

INEVITABLY someone will be playing the last hole, be it the hour midmorning or late evening; equally inevitably, a group of onlookers will be lining the fence at the back of the green, nodding sagely as some player fails, again inevitably, to judge the borrow on his putt. Someone, too, will be driving from the first tee, and someone will certainly be standing at the window of the Great Room of the Royal and Ancient clubhouse, keeping one eye on the drive, the other on the players on the last green.

Our newcomer will not see all this in his first glance; the moment of magic may be a bit overwhelming. Indeed, he may not think it is a moment of magic at all, because when he lifts his eyes beyond the home green he will see what appears to be only a rectangular field about 300 yards long by 80 or 90 yards wide, bisected by a road along which motorcars are rolling, mothers are pushing perambulators and riding-school ponies are trotting. Yet this blessed field comprises the first and last fairways of the most famous golf course in the world—not a bunker, not a bush, not a tree, nothing.

To the American golfer accustomed to seeing his courses neatly tailored and trapped according to the best standards laid down by the strategists, this flat, wide-open space can be perplexing and sadly disappointing. This perplexity will increase when he plays his first round on the Old Course. He hits a beauty on a distant flag—and comes up to find his ball trapped; trapped, moreover, in a bunker that he could not see from the tee. If he escapes the bunkers, seen and unseen, he may find his ball lying either perched on a little knoll or tucked in a little hollow. The

continued

lie may be bare or lush, his stance crooked or normal. His target will more often than not be a naked flagstick, either on a skyline or behind a ridge or mound.

Mystery is everywhere, and perhaps it is in this sense of mystery that gives St. Andrews golf its essential flavor. Nothing is out and dried, straightforward, made-to-measure; not even the greens. All the world knows that St. Andrews' greens are the biggest in golf, largely because at 14 of the holes one prepared surface serves two holes, one outgoing, one incoming. To be sure, at some of these double-greens, traps almost cut them in two, and there are ridges and rolls that make effective enough divisions. But it is possible to have a putt of 70 yards and more—didn't Bob Jones once hole the long fifth in three full shots, two with wood and one (120 feet long) with his putter, old Calamity Jane?

But the same taken, however, the 15th green is no more than a narrow shelf, only a very few yards deep at the point where the pin is placed during championships. No wonder strong men have flung their wedges, even their Texas wedges, to high heaven as they have played plugging back and forth across that shelf.

Perplexing, tantalizing, "unfair"—but wonderfully rewarding too. There is surely no greater joy in golf than to stand on the 14th tee and look toward the old town. The line is the Grand Hotel; the broad fairway is delightfully named the Elysian Fields, and on the right is the low curving wall (out of bounds) over which George Volgt slipped to perdition when he had Jones 2 down and five to play in the 1930 Amateur championships; and 400 yards ahead lies that vast sandy cavern known as Hell Bunker, where championships have been lost but never won; a bunker big enough and deep enough to hold a mansion house. If the wind is fair behind, Hell hath few terrors; but if the wind is firm against, then cunning and caution dictate the long way round as the shortest way home.

That is only one of the improbabilities. Another is at the 17th, or Road Hole, where the caddy will counsel a drive over high black sheds behind which your train disappeared just before it reached the station. The black sheds used to hold stocks of maturing

hickory and pentamen in the old days of clubmaking, and to that extent they have an affinity with the game. But they are a formidable and unlikely hazard, rising sharply only 50 yards from the tee. They would not be tolerated on or near any other course; at St. Andrews they are just another of the endearing, integral anomalies which add to the interest of play.

And so your first round is likely to leave you shaking your head and wringing your hands, wondering if, truly, so much could be owed by so many to so little. But play again and again and again, and perhaps, on your fifth time round, you will begin to realize that there is a peculiar quality about this course, that it makes very special demands on the golfer as both player and person, that rarely indeed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Golfer, writer and editor, Samuel Livingston McKinlay is almost as closely identified with Scotland's great game as are the city and the links of which he writes so lovingly. A member of Britain's Walker Cup team in 1934, he has played in both national and international tournaments for more than three decades, has written on golf for nearly an equal length of time, and is now the editor of the *Glasgow Evening Times*.

has a championship been won there by a golfer not in the first flight—Jones, Snod, Peter Thomson, Shute, Miss Wethered, to name some of them. Some of them had to woo the course before they mastered it; no one has ever continued to hate St. Andrews and yet win there. *Love Me or Leave Me* might be its motto, and the lovers vastly outnumber the leavers.

But the Old Course is only part of this town dedicated to a game. Thousands of people who care little for golf visit St. Andrews every year—some for summer seminars at the ancient university, founded in 1413 but now, oddly, pre-eminent in the production of scientists; some for archaeological research and refreshment in the medieval ruins, such as the castle where there is a battle-dungeon of a type not to be found and explored elsewhere; others again for the annual tennis tournament in which Davis Cup men have played; and hundreds of families who find a wealth of recreation in the Skip Rock bathing pool and on the miles of golden sands, which only once a year, however be pained, become a bedlam of sound

when the motorcycle championships are held.

The town itself is wonderfully rewarding, a mixture of long, majestically wide streets and short, narrow alleys, with here and there handsome, stone-built mansions standing alongside centuries-old cottages that have been restored into gracious homes. There is even a tiny theater in what used to be a byre, and is in fact called the Byre Theatre, where a repertory company plays in the summer to crammed houses.

It is small wonder that St. Andrews is the most popular of all holiday resorts in Scotland, a place to which the faithful return year after year and where it is almost impossible to obtain accommodation unless reservations are made early in the year. And this despite a wealth of hotels and boarding houses, whose charges range from under \$3 a day with three square meals included to \$10 to \$15 a day in the plushy luxury suites of Scores and Rusack's, hard by the first tee on the Old Course. There are, too, some agreeable hotels in the near hinterland, and an enormous trailer park, so that the normal population of 8,000 swells in high summer to nearer 20,000.

The golf shops bear names renowned in history—Fargan's, Tom Morris, Auchterlonie. In backstreets are forges where you may see your new irons handmade from bar metal by men who can play the Old Course in the low 70s and therefore know a good club when they make one. They never walk abroad, whether along the wide streets and narrow alleys of the town or over the links of an evening with their dog, without using as a walking stick some club they have fashioned or are in the process of making. And before stainless steel was de rigueur, they used to carry a piece of emery cloth with which they would polish the club head into lovely smooth lines.

They would even sit in their club or pub, pint of beer at the elbow, and between gulps squirt at the steel they were subtly fashioning into a living thing. Now the emery cloth has almost disappeared, but wonderful is the talk over a round of drinks, whether in the Great Room of the R & A or in the little pubs in the narrow alleys or in the cocktail bars of the fashionable hotels. St. Andrews is a good place for social drinking. The artisan has his beer, the holidaymaker shares the national taste for the ris de pays, Scotch, or that international cordial, gin and tonic.

There used to be in the R & A quite a ceremony over drinks. Whisky or gin was brought by one of the club servants in a tiny bottle, and the member poured his own libation and added the accompanying water, soda or, in the case of gin, tonic. But the tiny bottles have gone, and with them a small part of the old traditions. Happily, however, not all the traditions have departed. They are still to be found in the shop of the least pretentious but probably most famous of the club-making craftsmen, Laurie Auchterlonie, son of old Willie, that wonderfully spry, spare gentleman of 85 who is professional to the R & A, an honorary member of the club and winner of the Open Championship 54 years ago. Merchant bankers, peers of the realm, American magnates, Highland lairds—all consult old Willie with great respect about the weather, their game and golf generally. With even greater respect they consult his son Laurie about the clubs they should use, and are quite

prepared to be placed on his waiting list, knowing that every club he produces will bear the work of his great hands as well as his great name, that into it will go much loving care as well as generations of skill. Money alone will not buy his clubs; devotion to golf and appreciation of craftsmanship are the passports.

Those criteria apply elsewhere in St. Andrews. The most damaging criticism one is likely to hear there is, "He's nae gowfer," and was betide the newcomer, whether resident or visitor, who does not conform. He need not be a good golfer. Some of the most famous names in golf have gone to St. Andrews and, because of their behavior, or their failure to show a proper reverence for the game or the Old Course, have left with that condemnation ringing forever in their ears.

Standards must be high in a town which for two centuries has been the seat of government of the game, a seat now gladly shared with those like-

minded golfers of the United States who, in an act of mutual trust and concession, drew up a joint code of rules. Never was the sense of transatlantic community sharper than on that golden September morning in 1951 when Francis Ouimet, of Boston, became captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club.

To become captain of the R & A—the new captain is chosen by the past captains—is probably the greatest honor in golf. To "play oneself into office," as every new captain must, is probably the greatest ordeal in golf. When Francis went through the traditional "playing in" ceremony of striking a drive off the first tee—the most conspicuous single shot any man can ever hit—he did so under the eyes of his immediate predecessor, St. George Cunningham, who was accompanied by Viscount Simon, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord Teviot, Bernard Darwin, Roger Wethered and Cyril Tolley—an awesome roll call indeed of famous names.

Francis rose to the occasion as everyone knew he would. He stood quietly as old Willie tied his ball, had the merest gesture of a practice swing, and then, before the critical but friendly eyes of hundreds risen at the hangman's hour of 8 a.m., dispatched a perfect tee shot smack down the middle of that wide meadow that is the first fairway.

Francis is only one American among thousands who know the magic of St. Andrews—course, club and town. Bob Joen is another, and he has added his own chapters to its rich story. Charlie Yates made his own highly individual contribution to the legends continually retold in this dreamy town when he sang *A Wee Dosh-and-darig* after the 1938 Walker Cup match. It was in the tradition of Freddie Tait, whose splendid portrait hangs in the old clubhouse and against whom the only critical word ever spoken was that he used to play his bagpipes round the town at midnight.

You can still, if you have the hearing ear, summon the wild music from the gray walls to this day. And, if you can, you will subscribe with full heart to the prophetic words written a century and more ago by a poet who knew and loved his St. Andrews:

And still St. Andrews lingers, with
 Sugs an' snods,
 Shuff' peerless reign and chieftain
 o' the wuld. END



"Remember, sports, we don't want to hurt the bird. We just want to give it a pep pill."

JEWELS FOR A TROUT IN SWAMP WATER

by VIRGINIA M. KRAFT

The revolutionary photographic techniques of Dr. Roman Vishniac have brought out the beauty of the microscopic world of fish food



SEARCHING FOR SPECIMENS, Dr. Vishniac looks into mudfly lar for tiny organisms that will burst into color under microscope.

SCROUCHING OUT of the swampy backwater in which he is pictured at left, Dr. Roman Vishniac, a gentle scientist of Russian birth who is one of the world's leading authorities on microbiology, turned to a reporter who had followed him on a hip-boated trip through a series of ponds near his laboratory home in Putnam County, N.Y.

"A pond," said the muddy doctor, "is a very romantic place. The jewelry of the world is at the edge of the water. With just a net or a glass I gather these jewels. I am a rich man because they are more beautiful than diamonds or sapphires."

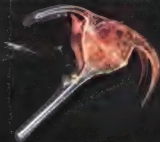
The average man, to Dr. Vishniac's regret, seldom pauses to look at these jewels, and the brilliant display of them shown on the following pages has heretofore been seen only by a select few. To trout and other fish, however, they are the staff of life, the food on which they grow from birth. And it was Dr. Vishniac who first revealed their startling beauty. Until he opened the door to their colorful world, *Hydrarchus goepperti* or *Ceratium cornutum* was nothing but a long name for a tiny black blip that slid spasmodically through the murky shallows, or at best appeared as a colorless blob under an ordinary microscope.

Dr. Vishniac, whose entire life has been dedicated to scientific research, performed the miracle seven years ago when he developed an ingenious process of photomicrographic "colorization" that made possible the extraordinary images on these pages. With his new technique, he polarized available light and beamed it first through the organism, where the light components are altered by the organism's structure, then through a special system of optics. As a result, he was able to produce color patterns representing the internal structure of the organism. And through this process he has also been able to pinpoint the exact location of a microscopic creature's senses and organs, follow its patterns of behavior and study the relationship and reactions of the different components.

The fact that he has been able to do this with living organisms has been an invaluable contribution to scientific studies in this area. For in the chain of life, these legions of microscopic creatures are an important link with man himself. The newly hatched trout—also a microscopic creature at birth—eats hundreds of these tinier organisms, and eventually grows to legal fishing size. Along the way, some of the trout are in turn devoured by larger fish, and these fish by still larger ones, until ultimately the fish are

(continued)

BEST-KNOWN ANIMAL ORGANISMS



CERATIUM CORNUTUM

Both glass and silica, they form a few large shells in some called diatoms.

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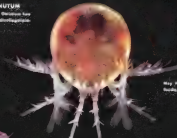
They are also called diatoms.

They are also called diatoms.



EPHEMERA NYMPH

May fly nymph is one of most important food foods eaten by fly during spring and summer.



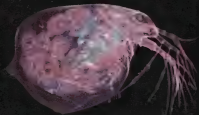
HYDRACHNA GEOGRAPHICA

Hydrachna is brilliant water bug, ranges in color from green, blue, red, orange, yellow.



CYCLOPS VIRENS

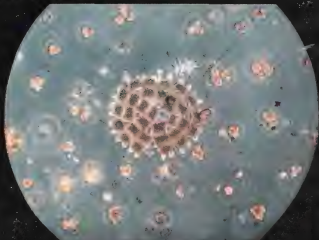
Most common of water organisms, Cyclops lives in rivers, lakes, streams, in fresh food for all fish.



DAPHNIA PULEX

Commonly known as water flea, Daphnia is about to give birth in picture above. Note slender eggs in breast area.

MOST COMMON PLANT ORGANISMS



PEDASTRUM DUPLEX

Individually united in round, planar cell colonies, cluster of colorful *Pedastrum* (center) floats on surface of fresh water, surrounded by tiny *Naegeliopsis* swimming in same area.



MICRASTERIAS

Called "jewels of the pond" because of beautiful coloration, *Micrasterias* float on surface and get life from air's light.



NITZSCHIA DIGITUS

Part of the family *Chaetoceros*, *Nitzschia* provides even nourishment for phytoplankton.

WATER JEWELS

continued

caught and are consumed by humans. "Ten thousand pounds of a microscopic plant life we call 'lettuce' will produce 100 pounds of *Daphnia*," said Dr. Vishniac. "This in turn will produce 10 pounds of fish. And 10 pounds of fish will produce one pound of man. So you see, these little creatures are very important to us."

"The fisherman," he went on to say, "knows something of these things. He sits at the stream and watches the insects. When he sees the trout eat one kind of fly, he makes his artificial fly to imitate this insect. So he catches his trout—maybe. But there is much more that he does not see. If the fisherman would take with him a jar, so when the trout are not eating the flies, then the fisherman can fill his jar with water and have another sport. He will watch and soon, there at the bottom of the glass, something is moving. It bounces up and down like a tiny rubber ball. And then he knows it is *Daphnia*. And there is the fisherman peering into the life of the *Daphnia*, and the *Daphnia* doesn't even know he has been captured in the glass. Such an exciting sport!"

This sort of thing is all right for amateur *Daphnia*-gamers but, for Dr. Vishniac, the true excitement comes when he puts the organisms under his special microscope that brings out the brilliance and perfection of the tiny swamp creatures.

"Then does my sport really begin," he said. "For me, I need no movies, plays or television. I have a whole world in my house. All night I can sit and watch."

"Others, they watch animals or fish. But these are big creatures; they take much time to live their lives. The bird watcher, he spies the nest and there is a mother on her eggs, or she is with her young ones. If the bird watcher comes close, the mother flies away. She sees the watcher and is frightened of him. With my little friends, I can watch a whole lifetime. I see them doing all the things of their business, and they do not know that I am watching them. They are, you could say, uninhibited. Through the little window of my microscope I enter their world. I see the strong and the quick and the ones who are having troubles. They have troubles, just like people. But people think if something is small it is nothing. They forget that all life is important. And that all life, even human life, in the beginning is microscopic." (J.N.R.)

Beautiful to look at... wonderful to play



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*The Good Days
and the Bad Days*
of

AL LOPEZ

Managing the White Sox, a transformed team under new guidance, can be fun . . . or sheer torture,

SPANIARDS HAVE the gift of patient melancholy. The long Castilian face, the black hair, the dark eyes provide a perfect backdrop for brooding, for pondering on the inevitable cruelty of fate. *Que sera, sera*, the song goes. What will be, will be. The Spaniard's face grows sad, but he shrugs his shoulders and endures.

Alfonso Ramon Lopez, 48, manager of the Chicago White Sox, son of Modesto and Faustina Lopez of Madrid (where they were married) and later Cuba and eventually Tampa (where their son was born), sat in the dining room of the Del Prado Hotel in the quiet east end of Chicago. According to the morning papers, the White Sox were in first place in the American League, with a surprisingly good lead over the New York Yankees. It had been a long time since an American League manager had maneuvered his team so far ahead of the Yankees. The last man to do so was this same Alfonso Ramon Lopez, in 1954 when he was managing the Cleveland Indians.

Lopez might well have been forgiven if his expression had been cheerful and proud, smug, vain, even arrogant, but his face displayed none of this. Rather, it was patient and a bit wistful, almost sad, as though he were trying to anticipate what foul plans fate might have in store for his White Sox.

It is his normal expression. For Lopez, managing is a constant worry, a nervous strain, a jittery agony. Some managers thus best relieve the harrowing pressure by exploding in sudden rages at players and sportswriters, or else by maintaining an almost sphinxlike silence in an effort to remain calm. But Lopez is a gentleman—a decent, thoughtful, exceptionally courteous man. He seldom permits himself the

luxury of a temper tantrum, and he talks to anyone who talks to him.

Occasionally, though, he shows his feelings. In 1954, the year he managed Cleveland to the pennant and a record for games won in one season, a sportswriter asked him quite innocently one day, "Al, are you having any fun?"

Lopez at once protested: "Fun? How can you have any fun managing?"

SUCCESS IN CHICAGO

This season, if ever, Al Lopez should be enjoying himself. Pushed out of his job at Cleveland because of the bumbling policies of the Cleveland front office, Lopez signed on as manager of the Chicago White Sox last autumn. The White Sox, with the most aged starting lineup in the league, were considered a dying team, with their best days—and in their best days they never finished better than third—behind them. The deposed White Sox manager, Marty Marion, on hearing that Lopez had been named to succeed him, commented grimly, "He better bring his pitchers with him." (At Cleveland, Lopez had possibly the best pitching staff baseball has ever seen.)

Lopez didn't bring his pitchers. He made no dramatic trades. Quietly, he went to work. He completely changed his strategy of managing. At Cleveland he had a slow-footed, poor-fielding team that depended almost entirely on the home run for offense and on pitching alone for defense. The Indians seldom took an extra base, seldom used the hit-and-run, seldom tried to steal; base runners planted their flat feet firmly on the ground and waited patiently for the home run. Fielders tensed as the pitcher threw and prayed for an easy pop fly. If one of the great pitchers faltered, Lopez gestured to the bull-

pen and brought in one or another of his remarkable relief pitchers. It was very sound and logical procedure but it was deadly dull, and it brought Lopez an undeserved reputation as a mechanical, unimaginative manager.

At Chicago, on the other hand, Lopez found himself with a thin pitching staff (except for Billy Pierce, the best in the league) and a distinct lack of power hitters. To compensate, Lopez worked toward developing a team of superior fielders (to give the pitchers all the defensive help possible) and race-horse base runners (to steal the runs they wouldn't get with home runs). He allowed his starting pitchers to stay in the game as long as possible, babying them, soothing them, hoping they'd stagger through, knowing that the team's chances were better with the tired starting pitchers than with the uncertain bullpen.

However he did it, it worked. The White Sox surprised every last cliché out of baseball observers during the spring by taking an aggressive hold on first place. Moreover, they became surveyors of a continuing daily drama that fascinated onlookers: the White Sox pitcher, alone on stage, his fate in his own hands rather than in the bullpen's; the base runner, broadening the arena of action with his constant threat to race wildly for the next base; the fielder, repeatedly working things of desperate beauty on grounders and fly balls and throws to home. After a while, people began to realize that these White Sox were just about as daring and exciting a baseball team to watch as the Indians had been a dull and dreary one, and Lopez finally began to receive proper recognition as a shrewd and resourceful manager.

But despite all, it was, and is, no fun

IN FIRST PLACE through most of the early part of the season, Manager Al Lopez of the White Sox watched apprehensively as the Yankees edged ever closer.

by **ROBERT CREAMER**

especially for a fine gentleman

for Al Lopez. The good days help but the bad days hurt, and so does the anticipation of the bad days and the enduring of them.

Back to the hotel dining room. The day was a Friday. A game was scheduled for that night with the second-division Baltimore Orioles. It was raining. The Orioles should not have been a worry, but Lopez knows that in major league baseball the difference between the best team and the worst team is really very slight and shows up only over the length of a season. No law says the worst team cannot beat the best team any given time they play. The odds did favor the White Sox, however, and the rain elsewhere worried Lopez, too. A hot team hates to be rained out, and at that time the White Sox were hot. Perhaps, also, as he looked at the cold Chicago drizzle, he was thinking of Tampa and home.

LONELY LIFE

Lopez lives alone in Chicago during the baseball season. He's married to a New York girl named Evelyn Kearney, and they have one child, a 13-year-old son. From early spring until school is out, Lopez is separated from his wife and son and his mother, who lives with them in Tampa (his father died in 1925, the first year Lopez played professional baseball). This year, because his son is going to Mexico in July on a special six-week school trip to study Spanish, the separation will last even longer. Lopez, who is a homey sort of man—he has lived all his life in Tampa, and his old friends are still his closest friends—feels the absence of his family keenly.

"But I'm glad the boy is going to Mexico," he said. "I want him to learn to speak Spanish. I can speak it and

my mother can, and I'd like for him to be able to. This will give him the chance. He probably won't come up here at all this summer, though, because when he gets home he'll be playing ball in Tampa. He's pretty serious about baseball."

Lopez' face was pensive.

"They grow up so fast," he said, in the age-old protest of the parent. "When he was little we used to go to the movies together. I like movies. They're relaxing. I'd come in the house and I'd say, 'Did you finish your homework?' And he'd say, 'Yes.' I'd say, 'Want to go see a movie?' He'd say, 'Sure.' He'd go ask his mother, and then he and I would go down and see a cowboy movie. We'd do that during the winter sometimes three or four times a week. When he was little. We don't

go to the movies together any more."

After lunch Lopez went up to his room and lay on the bed reading until 4 o'clock, when he and Coach Johnny Cooney drove out to Comiskey Park. It had stopped raining, but the sky was still heavy with clouds. Inside, in the small room that is his office, Lopez undressed, put on his uniform shirt and his cotton and wool uniform stockings. Charles Comiskey, vice-president of the White Sox, walked in.

"You want to hit?" he asked Lopez.

"Sure."

"I don't think it's going to rain," Comiskey said. He went out of the office and opened a door to an outside landing. Lopez, in stockings and shirt, followed him. Comiskey squinted at the sky. Lopez peered over his shoulder.

continued





DOGGERS STENDEL (LEFT) AND LOPEZ, NOW



ALL-STAR CATCHER LOPEZ (RIGHT) WITH PITCHER MANGO, SLUGGER KUTL, 1934

AL LOPEZ

continued

"We can get it in," Comiskey said. He went back into the office and picked up a phone.

"Come! They're going to hit. No, just roll the tarp back a little bit but don't take it off in case it starts to rain again. There won't be any infield practice."

Hesit down and chatted with Lopez as the manager continued to dream.

Hugh Trader, a Baltimore sports-writer, stopped in to ask Lopez about the now-famous "curfew" home run that Dick Williams of the Orioles had hit in May against the White Sox at the last instant before the game was to be called, thus tying the score and snatching victory away from Chicago. Trader asked Lopez why Pitcher Paul LaPalme had not deliberately thrown wide pitches. Lopez, who had been asked the question many times since the incident, patiently replied that LaPalme was supposed to do that, just as Williams had orders from Paul Richards, the Baltimore manager, to swing at any pitch he could reach.

"It was one of those things, Hugh. How can you figure Williams would hit a home run? It's the only homer he's had all year."

"But LaPalme shouldn't have given him a good pitch," Trader insisted.

"What do you want me to do, Hugh?" Lopez asked quietly. "Take him out and shove him? He feels pretty bad about it, too."

Dr. John Claridge, White Sox team physician, came in to report to Lopez on Luis Aparicio, the regular shortstop, who had pulled a muscle in his thigh,

and Larry Doby, the regular center fielder, who has a chronic difficulty with his legs. In scholarly phrases Dr. Claridge described their condition. Neither was ready to play. Resignedly, Lopez reached for a blank lineup card and began to figure out a starting order.

It turned out to be a trying evening. The game, tied at 3-3, went into extra innings. The White Sox threatened to score several times but failed. In the 11th inning, with a man on second, a Baltimore batter sliced a puny little hit to left that sent in the winning run.

Afterward, Lopez sat in his office, attended by two or three silent sports-writers. He took off his uniform pants and hung them up. He sat down, removed his spikes and stockings, rested his arms on his thighs, clasped his hands and looked down at the floor.

DEFEAT AND VICTORY

Though major league players are professional athletes and though even the best of them experience defeat 50 times a season, the mood in a losing team's locker room after an extra-inning defeat is one of grief, muted tragedy. The only sounds this night were of the clubhouse men smacking spiked shoes together as they cleaned mud from them, the rattle of wood as bats were replaced in the clubhouse rack, the low murmur of voices.

One of the sportswriters said something comforting to Lopez.

"We should have won," Lopez said. "We had plenty of chances to score."

Coach Don Gutteridge, dressed in slacks and sport shirt, paused at the door on his way out of the clubhouse. He looked in at number Lopez.

"There'll be another game some-

time, Skip," he said. "You come out to the park again tomorrow."

"Yeah," Lopez said softly.

The next day was much better. It was sunny and warmer, and Billy Pierce pitched a three-hit shutout to win 2-0. As the game ended, the scoreboard showed that the Yankees were losing to Detroit 6-3. The clubhouse was as noisy as a cocktail party. Shouting voices rang back and forth over a loud conversational hum, and the rattle of the clubhouse men cleaning the spikes was lost far down in the hierarchy of sound. The players dressed slowly, enjoying each other's presence and the atmosphere of victory. Lopez was, as always, cordial, and much more cheerful than he had been the night before. He kidded Whitney Dinkins, the Baltimore clubhouse man, who had come to see him.

"Hey, Whitney," he said. "That was a hell of a tip you gave me on that home in Baltimore."

Whitney looked at him.

"You mean Federal Hill," he said.

"Well, he finished last."

"You're damn right he finished last."

"He broke down, Al," Whitney explained. "Now, I am not responsible for a horse breaking down. He's a good horse."

"I told Jimmy Dykes about it," Lopez said. "Dykes said he thought I knew better than that. He said he went broke on your tips when he was in Baltimore."

Whitney changed the subject. Casey Stengel's name was mentioned.

"I'll tell you a story about Casey," Lopez said. "You know I used to play for him. Did you know that he traded



ED-DODGER LOPEZ, STENDEL, BADE PHILIPS

me twice? He trailed me from Brooklyn in 1913 and from Boston in 1930. I remember, that first time, I came up to New York during the off season to straighten out some insurance. I was having dinner with some friends, and they stopped in my room first for a drink. The phone rang, and it was Casey. He asked if he could come up, and I said sure. He came up—well, you know Casey; you know how he can tell stories. He talked for three solid hours. Now it's about 8 o'clock and I'm hungry. I finally besee in and I said, 'Casey, come on, we have to eat. Come on with us.' He said, 'All right, but only if I pay for dinner.' I said, 'I don't care who pays, just so we eat.' Well, we went out and ate, and Casey talked. Afterwards, we stopped someplace for a drink, and Casey was still talking. It must have been close to 2 by the time I got back in my room, and Casey had been talking since 5. Now, I'm no sooner in my room than the phone rings, and it's Casey. He's in the lobby and he says, 'Al, could you come down a minute. I want to talk to you.'"

Lopez smiled at the memory.

"I went down and he said, 'Al, I'll tell you what I came to see you about. I think we're going to trade you.' He said, 'The club's in trouble and we have to make a deal. The other clubs want either you or Mungo, and we can't trade Mungo because he's a drawing card.' He said, 'Al, I just want you to know I'll trade you to a good club.' I said, 'Thanks, Case. I appreciate that.'"

"I was back in Tampa, later on, and a sportswriter called me up. He said,

continued



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AL LOPEZ

continued

"Al, did you hear about the trade?" I said, "What trade?" He said, "You've been traded to Boston." I thought, *Boston? A good club? That year they'd lost 115 games! It's still a modern National League record.*

"Tony Cuccinello had been traded with me, so that spring we drove over to Clearwater one day, where the Dodgers were training, and we found Casey in the hotel. He said, 'Well, I suppose you want to talk about that trade.' I said, 'I am sort of curious.' He said, 'Al, we couldn't help it. We tried, but this was the best deal we could make and we had to make it.' I said, 'Case, I'm sure glad you said you were going to send me to a good team. I might have ended up in Kokoiuk.'

"And then five years later, he traded me again, from Boston to Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh finished fourth that year, but in June when I was traded, they were still last. I still got on Casey about those trades."

A sportswriter walked in. Lopez looked up. "Feeling better today?" the writer asked.

"A whole lot better," Lopez agreed. He picked up the phone and dialed a number.

"Ed! What's the Yankee score now? Seven, four? Oh, that's the final. Good. Thank you." He put the phone down and smiled.

"A lot better," he said.

"GUESSING"

But on Sunday the Orioles stunned the White Sox and swept the double-header. In Detroit the Yankees, losing 4-0 in the sixth inning, came up from behind to win 5-4.

HIGHLIGHT

The time had come at last. As millions feared, the annual and inevitable march of the New York Yankees to the American League pennant was in full stride.

The horse, namely, no longer an exact replica of the 1954 champion, Billy Martin, long the club's well-appreciated hair-shirt, had been dealt off to Kansas City. In his place at second base was Rookie Bobby Richardson, who was showing all the zip and sparkle that were once Martin's. Bill Stoneman was hitting like a Yankee first baseman (.339, 12 home runs), and the vicious pitching names were Shantz, Scurdivant and Grim instead of Ford, Kuken and Larnes. But the Yankees who made

All that Lopez took off afterward was his cap. He sat with his feet on his desk, reading *The Sporting News*. The writers asked questions in near whispers and Lopez answered them in monosyllables.

Johnny Cooney stood in the doorway. No game was scheduled for the next day, and ordinarily the players would be free until Tuesday night, when they were scheduled to play the Yankees. However, there was a chance that Lopez, angry over the double defeat, might call a special practice session for the off day. Cooney spoke:

"Anything doing tomorrow, Al?"

"No."

Cooney turned away from the door and said to the players, silent in the mausoleum of the locker room, "Nothing doing tomorrow."

Lopez looked around at the silent baseball writers who had come in for the post-mortem.

"Every ball we hit was right at them," he said. "They made some great plays. Well, and that guy in left." He shook his head.

He picked up a letter from his desk, a request from a friend in Indiana for tickets to a White Sox game in July, looked at it absently and put it down.

"That boy O'Dell pitched a good game for them," he said.

He began to undress, relaxing now. "They beat us twice," he stated, in tones of finality. "Those things happen. There's nothing you can do about it now."

He went out of the office to the shower room, the double defeat a thing of the past, the worry now the future, the series of games coming up with the Yankees, games that had to be won, games that could scarcely be lost.

Quicker. He would endure. But it certainly was no fun. **CND**

the outcomes were still there and Martin.

Detroit was first into the Yankee Stadium slaughterhouse last week. Three days later, thoroughly mangled and humiliated, the Tigers gave way to the White Sox, who then led the Yankees by an eight game and a half. The Yankees disastrously won three out of four. As Cleveland appeared, the Yankees had built a half-century lead and the American League race was looking a lot more logical and far duller. Were it not for the good old National League and its customary surprise two years later, the baseball fan would have nothing more to think about until spring training started again, when he could begin the futile and frustrating game of figuring who might beat the Yankees in 1938.

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3 THE ART OF RACE RIDING

Part

By EDDIE ARCARO with WHITNEY TOWER
and drawings by ROBERT RIGER

THE START

IN OUR discussion of the pre-race procedure last week, I believe I showed that by the time a jock gets his horse to the starting gate he's going to have an idea about the horse he's on and what that horse can do—provided he runs his best race. And if the jock and his trainer have given serious consideration to every other horse in the race, they also have a fair idea of how this race ought to be run. I use the word "ought" instead of "will" because it's seldom that you see a race run exactly the way you doped it. Now I come back to the case of generalship. Generalship on the jock's part has actually started when he has his pre-race talk with the trainer, but generalship on the part of each individual rider is going to get its first major test when the starting gate opens. For example, say your trainer has told you to break out of there on top, but instead of this your horse pulls a wingding in the gate and you

break a length behind the whole field. That's when orders go out the window and you're on your own. You have to reshape everything, and if your own generalship is good enough you may be able to get back into contention. Now I know of no way on earth of being certain to guarantee yourself a good start. However, speaking for myself only, there are a number of things I always try to do with my horse so as to at least give him the best chance for the best start. In many ways I think it's a shame the racing public gets so few chances to see starts right in front of the stands. If people could see more of the gate procedure I think they'd understand that it isn't always fair to blame the jock when a horse they happen to be betting on gets off to a bad start. For starts have a great element of luck to them. What I try to do is to eliminate as much of the element of luck as possible through sound horsemanship,



Standard gate procedure is to have three very knowledgeable assistants (above, left) take care of your horse so as to prevent

such springing colics. (Right) as a horse looks and shakes his head against the side of the gate and twists his neck,



If a horse throws a squalling in the gate (above, left) I try to stick with him no matter how much flailing around I

have to do. But even with an assistant at his head (above, right) I always look down to see that his feet are squared.

Most starters don't like to keep a field in the gate any longer than is absolutely necessary, so a jock has got to be real alert from the moment he gets locked in. Of course, horses react to the gate in different ways, and because of this you also have to react differently. Remember, too, that from one race to the next you're not always going to be in that gate for exactly the same amount of time. If you're on an outside post in a small field, for instance, you know that the man is going to spring the gate almost the second you get in. On the other hand, if you're on an inside post in a large field of 28 or more 2-year-olds at Belmont Park you know you may have as long as four minutes to wait. In such a case—and, in fact, any time I'm on an inside post in a large field—the first thing I'll try to do with my horse is to relax him. I'll do something with that horse, like turn his head, talk to him, pet him or just run him around in some way or another. If he's very fractious, of course, they'll have an assistant starter in there with you. These tend to be tremendous jobs, and ought to get paid more. The good ones know how to calm a horse down and they are a great help when you're swatting in trouble with a horse that stands just so long and then throws a real fit.

When I say I want my horse to be relaxed in the gate I don't mean I want him to go to sleep on me. I also don't want him to relax—or burn—on one leg. If that happens and the man should pull the gate he'll fall down on you or certainly stumble. If a horse gets too relaxed he'll get his feet all rickety, and I really think that the position of the feet is the most important thing about a horse in that gate. If a horse is standing lopsided on the break, it stands to reason that he's going to be more liable to stumble or break one way, or the other as he comes out. So, what I always look for is to get my horse's feet all squared away. I'll often ask an assistant starter to sort of shove him to get him squared and make him get with it, although I find

that by instinct and my own sense of balance I can usually know better than the man in the stall just how my horse is standing.

You're going to get hurt in those gates once in a while, and you've got to expect it. Every older jock and most of the young ones too have had at least one horse act like a maniac and fall over backwards on him. But when a horse throws a fit in the gate I usually try and stay with him—unlike some jocks who are expert at hanging on to the gate while their horse runs out and away from them. Another thing I've even given up thinking about is trying to beat the gate. Nine times out of 10 if you move your horse to the break before the gate opens you're going to have to come back with him, and the gate may catch you going the other way. So if a horse is on his feet and squared away for me I stick on the whole I get the best results by leaving him alone. Naturally, you never know the exact split second when the gate will open, but you generally have a pretty good idea. When they lead the last horse in you start squaring your horse out and getting ready, because it could come from then on. But the real tipoff to a start is a strange sort of quiver. If you watch a start from close-up sometime you'll notice that from the minute they start leading there is a lot of general hollering by jocks trying to tell the starter that their horse isn't squared away or ready. When the noise of this hollering dies down it can only mean that everybody is ready—and in that split second of quietness the alert starter will get his field away. Just before they're all in I tighten up a little all around. And if a horse has any kind of nerves he'll tighten up too. You sort of have to tense him for the actual break, because if he's too relaxed he's apt to fall right down. The last thing I do in that gate is make absolutely sure that my horse is squared away, tensed and looking snarky ahead of him. Then he knows what's up. Then I'm ready,



INSTANT OF BREAK

From the time they're first broken, horses are accustomed to hearing that loud sort of "Yah!" yell that we use at the start. I think it frightens a horse just enough to make him jump, and I want my horse to jump out of there head-and-head with his opposition. The more you frighten a horse out of there the quicker he'll get to running for you. Notice in the above drawing how my horse (for this series I am always on the No. 2 horse) is getting off to a good straight start with the proper jump. For purposes of comparison we have shown two examples of what can happen: the No. 1 horse has hit the side of the gate and his jock has been thrown off balance; the No. 3 jock wasn't alert, and as his horse stumbles he is sitting with his knees pointing out. At right you see how I grab a little mane for the first stride as a safeguard to keep me from falling against my horse's mouth in case the horse outbreaks me. After the first thrust I leave it loose.



FIRST FULL STRIDE

Having let go of the mane when you see that you and the horse are together, you are now into the first full thrust of race riding. At the end of the race I naturally get all the way down for maximum power and push. At the start I get down too, but very rarely will I go into a full thrust out of the gate. I usually am sitting back a little to start with to keep the horse from stumbling (see the drawings on the opposite page) and then I'll get down to ride him (as this drawing on the left shows) into position for the first turn. But sitting down like this and really pushing is something you can't do for long—I don't care who you are. Most people don't realize what a great effort it is, and when you get down to ride with maximum thrust for anything over a quarter of a mile you'll come back in so tired you can't even talk. And if the track is slippery, your horse is getting reamed up in mud and you're tied on tighter and keeping more pressure with your knees to maintain balance. Even when in the best of condition I'll be real sore in my groin from trying to keep maximum pressure with my knees.



OPEN GATE

I cannot overemphasize the importance of trying to be straightened out when leaving the gate. Horses are going to duck in and out—unintentionally of course—but unless a jockey wants a foul claimed against him he's got to be able to straighten his horse out quickly. Riding every day your touch is there and you should be able to know how much of a hold it'll take to keep him in or out, away from and off other horses. You may wonder, too, why we don't use the whip more on leaving the gate. Well, I don't think you have control of a horse when you whip him on his first thrust. Most of the great gate riders, like Don Meade, Johnny Gilbert and Johnny Longden, seldom used their whips when they could get better results by just pumping their horses out of there. There are exceptions, of course, like a preconceived plan (such as the way I lit into Nashua at the start of the Swaps match race) or when a trainer says, "Eddie, this horse is awfully sluggish and you got to hit him a time or two to get him to raring." But, in general, you are far too busy getting down to ride your horse and keeping him out of trouble even to think about whipping at the start. And the first thing I'm thinking of after that first thrust is how to settle my horse down and get some position in the field. I'm also thinking a lot about steadying my balance in order to give my horse all the assistance possible.





THE START OF A THEORETICAL RACE

YOUR HORSE leaving the gate should always depend on what kind of a horse you're riding and on what you expect your contending opposition will do. For the purpose of explaining this, let's take a theoretical mile race in which I am riding No. 2 in an 11-horse field. My horse is neither a speed horse nor a real stretch runner. My orders are to lay off the pace, and before the race the trainer and I have decided that the horses we have to beat are No. 3, No. 4, No. 7 and No. 8. In any race I'll never ask for more than to break head-and-head with the field, and in this example I want to be real sure of coming out of those head-and-head



so that I don't get any the worst of it when we hit the first turn. I know the 4-horse is a strong contender, so one of my first objectives will be to keep the 3-horse on the inside of 4 around the first turn, and if I can do that you see how right away I've given the 4-horse the worst of it (see diagram A). Remember that if the outside horses can't outrun some of the inside posts to the first turn they're going to lose valuable ground. If my horse was the speed horse in this field I'd want to lay about half a length in front of my field and maybe a length up on them going into the first turn. The man on the rail doesn't always necessarily set the pace, because some of the others may be trying to outrun him to get over. However, it's ideal to be on the speed horse and have the rail. Then you can really do something to this field. You can slow it down and you'll have some of them really walking around that turn. My thinking at every stage of every race is right to the point: make every other horse get the worst of it whenever I can. For another example let's take the 8-horse, who is a real contender. The jock on 8-horse knows he's on a speed horse and he's got an idea of whether or not he can outrun the inside posts into the first turn. If he thinks he can he'll try it so as to get to the rail as soon as possible. But I'm on No. 2 and maybe I



Going into a turn I find that my right knee, with more pressure on it, is coming up higher than usual—almost up into my armpit.



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don't want him trying to steal it, so I'm going to come out of there head-and-head and, after easing the field coming into that turn, I want to keep up enough speed so that I'm sure of keeping the contenders—and especially the 8-horse—stacked up as much as I can (see diagram B) so that they'll have to commit themselves pretty quick. Now, on the start shown above, which is more or less typical, everyone knows this field can't stay bunched up like this forever. Riders on the outside horses must know they can't stay that far out and lose that much ground and still win. So the only thing they can do, if they don't decide to make a run for the first turn, is to drop back behind the leaders and chance picking them up later. In my case here, with the kind of horse I have, I'm going to get right up with the leaders and lay off the pace by letting the speed horses outrun me until I can safely drop in behind them. There is always danger, on the other hand, when you are forced to drop in behind horses that are going nowhere. You're going to get blocked sometimes by doing this and, in general, my theory is to make a run for that first turn if you think you've got a fair chance of making it. I'll never let a horse on my inside outrun me into that turn if I think I can beat him. Let us take still another



example by assuming this time that my 2-horse is the speed horse. But so is the 8-horse, and his jock tries to beat me to the turn. If I can outrun him I'm in perfect position to bear out slightly on the turn. As I bear out I'll bring the rest of the field out so the 8-horse can't cut in front of me and trap me (see diagram C). If the 8-horse broke good that jock has got to send that horse. He's committed, and this is just one of many examples of how I could (assuming that I'm on a good enough horse) make the 8-horse, and possibly a lot of other horses between me and the 8-horse, take so much the worst of it right at the start that they might never get properly straightened out.

I'll know generally within two jumps after the break what I'm going to do—or what I'm going to try and do. Within those two strides I'll usually know if I'm going to hit him and really let him go or if I'm going to wait to move later on. This isn't much time. In fact, on this mile track I'd say you'll hit that turn in less than eight seconds. Well before those eight seconds are up you have to know what you're going to do and if your plan is working or not. I find that you have to react to all of this instinctively. Nobody can think that fast. I know I can't.





AN UNWILLING HORSE

I'd estimate that 70% of all the Thoroughbreds in this country run with blinkers, and it's usually to keep a horse from gawking or lugging in or bearing out, such as this one is trying to do with me in this drawing. Blinker caps can be altered to cure varying bad habits in individual horses.

1 MILE

GETTING THROUGH ON THE RAIL

Although jocks love to get on that rail as much as they can, it can sometimes be dangerous unless you know just what you're doing. It's suicide to put yourself where you have only inches in which to maneuver. Two dangerous things can happen: your horse can bear out and cross over the heels of the horse in front of you; or the horse next to you can change stride slightly to make the turn and drop in front of you. In the drawing at right, in which I'm going through on the rail on the second turn, it looks like I've got about eight feet between the rail and the horse on my right. That's a safe margin and it isn't liable to get you into any trouble. But riding the rail isn't always the smartest way. On some tracks you'll find the best running is well out from the rail. Often, after a rain, the best place to run is in one of the two 12-inch paths made by the tractors dragging those harrows around. One of these paths is about 2 1/2 feet out from the rail and the other must be about three feet farther out. After the track has been wet the part that dries fastest is where the tractors have been. Put a horse into one of those paths (like I did with Nashua in the match race) and he'll often have the best of it.

1 MILE





THE IDEAL SEAT

To ride correctly you've got to be in perfect motion with the horse during each of his complete strides. The ideal—which none of us, of course, can do—is to keep your body frozen while the horse

moves. Unlike the ideal which the six sequences above show, I usually have too much daylight between me and my saddle. Instead of leaving the saddle as much as I do you should've bounced at all.





OFF THE PACE ON THE BACKSTRETCH

As THE RACING spectator sits in the stands watching the field come out of the second turn and moves up the backstretch, it is only natural that his chief concern is for the position of his betting interest and the relation of that horse to the leader. If he sees some other horse start a move and go past his horse, he's liable to grumble, "What's wrong with my jockey? Why doesn't he go with that horse? He'll never make it now. We've had it." Actually, however, what no person in the stands can see are the real circumstances which may have forced the various moves on the part of individual jockeys on the backstretch. Horses running at top speed—even down the straight of the backstretch—change position in relation to each other so quickly that jockeys are often forced to commit themselves in any



I'm laying about fifth while all four contending horses are ahead of me; No. 3 (almost hidden in the above drawing) on the rail, No. 4 and No. 8 lapped on him and No. 7 a length ahead of me on my outside. In this position, all things as they are now, I'd stay up there right where you see me. I know, for instance, I'm coming to the far turn and I sure don't want to be in the position of being the fifth horse out. That's why I'll stay where I am. The only possible way I'd move now is if I was on something like Citation—which I knew was the best horse—and therefore didn't want to take the chance of staying in and getting trapped in there (see diagram D).

As you can see, I am just off the 3-horse and in pretty good position to allow myself the privilege of a decision to move up and push the 3-horse down inside and behind the 4-horse and 8-horse. I say this all on the assumption that I'm on the best horse or on one of the best—riding the barns you can never be sure of doing what you want to. Although we're a long way from home yet I feel I'm well placed. I know, for instance, that if the 11-horse is a contender he isn't in front of me—so he has to be behind me. And by similar logic I can't allow myself to forget that if



number of ways. Even though they may be under instructions not to do certain things, they may have to, whether they want to or not. Now, let's see how this looks in the theoretical race which we last saw getting off to a head-and-head start on pages 52-53. Remember I'm on the 2-horse and, for the purpose of general discussion, let's assume that



a real contender is behind me his jock must be watching me, right? Now, here's why you never want to underestimate your opposition. Let's assume for a moment that the 11-horse is a contender. If I should make the mistake of moving up into a trap between 7-horse and the rail the only alternative for the jock on 11-horse is to move up and keep me in there by blocking me off. This is what we call a blind switch (see diagram E). A perfect one. A real do!! And the only way I could get out of this trap would be to get real lucky and move inside the leading No. 3 horse—who, if he happened to be tiring, might possibly bear out and leave the rail spot open as he went into or out of the far turn.

Thinking about what the opposition jocks are going to do keeps you almost as busy as thinking about what you yourself should be doing. And, as I've pointed out earlier in this series, when you ride day in and day out against other smart jocks, each of you gets to know what sort of rides to expect from your opposition. For instance, the jocks riding around New York know that if McCreary is on a come-from-behind horse he'll take him back farther than any other rider. We know, too, that both Atkinson and Guerin are position riders—they want to be sure of having good position at all times. And, of course, with experience riding against one another we get so that we can anticipate another rider's move well before he makes it. To refer back to the above drawing again, I might want to move up on the inside behind the leader, but if the 1-jock has enough horse under him and can anticipate what I have in mind he'll probably move the 1-horse up in there to prevent me from getting there first. And here's still another example:

if I can see that the jock on the 7-horse is driving his horse now and pumping him but that he isn't going too well, hell, then I'll move up in there myself because I know that by the time we reach the far turn the 7-horse will be dead tired and I'll be in good position right up behind the leading 8-horse on the rail (see diagram F). In this case we've eliminated all the contention except the three horses in front of me—No. 3, No. 4 and No. 8—and we're ready to



hit the far turn. And I have three alternate courses to take: I can go inside all three, between any or, my toughest choice, go outside all three.

However, a few big ifs are connected with this. One of them is that no jock is going to be able to make the move he wants unless his horse is reacting properly and running for him. Second, you've got to be foul-conscious. Like any jock, I'd naturally like to take an edge. If you could, for example, outtalk a steward after committing a foul maybe you'd have a chance. But you have no chance to argue today when they call you in and say, "Let us refresh your memory!" Then they show you the film of your foul—and you know those boys have you right where they want you!

1 MILE

POSITION OFF THE LEAD HORSE

With all the contention now ahead of me as we go into the far turn, I am in perfect position, as seen in the drawing below (and diagrammed at left). I'm back off the rail horse and No. 4 and No. 8 about a length and a half, or, in other words, a half a length of daylight. My only immediate objective is to have a good hold on my horse and also to see that some other jock doesn't come up on my right side and put me in a trap. Now, 4-horse and 8-horse aren't going to go past 3-horse on the turn unless they could see he was suddenly through. If they did elect to pass the 8-horse, however, and dropped in front of him to save ground, I would have to follow them around. On the other hand, if the jock on 3-horse has his horse running for him when he sees 4 and 8 start to go, he'll have to move to prevent them from dropping in front of him. In that case, what I've got to do is to follow the 3-horse instead of trying to go around him. And you can see that if I stay close behind him and he opens up a two- or three-length lead, then there's got to be enough room for me to follow close and still not be bothered by the 4-horse and 8-horse. Of course, you decide and do these things by instinct, but I keep one important thing always in mind: I've got to take some chance in a race if I intend to win it. I've got to wait for some split opening and take a shot at it. How successful you'll be in taking this chance depends a lot on how much stock you've got under you. I wouldn't dare put a slow-responding horse in a tight spot. But if you have a quick-responding horse and there's a split-second opening—even just two feet—hell, send him through. Of course, the great danger in going through any hole is that it might close, forcing you to check your horse and run the risk of catching a heel and going down.



1 MILE



GETTING THROUGH WHEN THE PACK BUSTS UP

In 80% of all races the pack will bust and one horse will move away from those nearest to him. When it happens it happens fast and you often have to take a crack at the hole even if you're not quite ready. But the standard rule is:

don't go inside of one horse nor outside of two. Often if you don't go for a hole at this stage of the race you've eliminated yourself by checking, because it's so late you won't have time to get back in stride and make up lost ground.

NEXT WEEK

Part 4 THE WHIP

Next week I'm going to take up the many advantages of knowing not only when to use the whip, but also what I consider the best method for switching the whip from one hand to the other during the running of a race. The practice of whipping a horse may sound cruel. Frankly, I don't think the whip hurts a horse as much as it frightens him, and I've always operated on the theory of why hit a horse if he is running for you. You should hit a horse only when you need to, and I think most of us are guilty of hitting horses too much. I suspect that some jocks do it to impress the public with how hard they're working. For my part I've often found that you can get better results by just fanning a horse without actually having to hit him.



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TIP FROM THE TOP



especially for
the average golfer

From JOHNNY PALMER, Tulsa Country Club

In recent years I've noticed that a great many golfers take their wedge or their 9-iron to play almost all their shots from off the edge of the green. There are times, of course, when the shot you should play, or must play, is a lofted little pitch calculated to drop near the pin and expire there with as little run as you can manage. But there are many more times—particularly when the pin lies to the rear of the green and there is a lot of room between your ball and the pin—when the most efficient and reliable shot to play is the good old chip-and-run. You just calculate how far you want to hit the ball in the air so that, after landing, it will have the legs to roll right up to the stick. You can't go very wrong with this shot.

You can play this run-up with any iron from the four through the nine, depending on your lie, the speed and the contours of the green, and your personal taste. To play this shot well and consistently well, you must learn to pace your swing just as you do on a regular shot, for the club head has to get in there with the same timing as on a full swing. Contact the ball and the turf at almost the same time, taking just that little amount of turf that gives you the sense of making contact with it. You will get some bite on this shot if you play it right, for bite comes from precise timing and precise impact and not, as most golfers think, from jabbing the ball down.



Johnny Palmer demonstrates the correct technique for the chip-and-run

NEXT WEEK: BILL SHIELDS ON THE FAITHFUL FIVE

The Question:

Last summer President Eisenhower appointed a council on youth fitness. Since then, has anything in your area been done about this? (Asked at the recent American Newspaper Publishers Association convention)



Jimmy Jewell's

STERLING E. GRAHAM



Cleveland
President
Huron Daily

No. Not a thing. I can't even recall Sherry MacCarthy, the acting ambassador for this council, coming to Cleveland. However, I don't think our area needs any particular stress on sports and outdoor living. We have a well-rounded sports program for our school children.

WILLIAM W. KNIGHT



Portland, Ore.
President and publisher
Oregon Journal

Not that I know of. However, the kids today are doing much better in athletics than we did. Sure, there's a delinquency problem, but it only takes a dozen kids to ruin hell. I don't want to discourage this council, but I don't go for the theory that our kids are weak.

TOM SHEARMAN



Little Rock, Ark.
Publisher
American Press

No, but there is a tremendous interest in track down South. I don't know what has caused it other than Bobby Morrow. Our football teams are better, generally, and interest is very high. But some of this is due to the work of the President's council on physical fitness.

JOHN H. COSTELLO



Lowell, Mass.
President and publisher
Lowell Sun

Nothing that can be attributed to this council. In Lowell we are doing the job ourselves. It was going on before the National publicity, and it's getting better. The work of the President's council has had no impact as far, but it's a great idea and needed in many sections.

CLYDE E. (BOB) HOPFITT



St. Catharines, Ont.
Publisher
Colonian

No, but it isn't needed in our section. In Ontario, we have the smallest percentage of physical education in the U.S. People live outdoors—and their recreation has to be hunting, fishing, hiking and skating, in addition to the formal sports in our schools and colleges.

HENRY A. BATTERWHITE



Reading, Pa.
Publisher
Bradford Era

Nothing as a direct result of the Washington-together-together. However, we have a lot of sports activity in our area, including basketball and a sportsman's club with 2,000 members. There are areas in the country that need stimulation of sports, but not ours.

JOHN W. BLOOMER



Portsmouth, Va.
Former publisher
Portsmouth Times

Nothing. Unfortunately, basically, is the lack of primary interest as far as the Administration is concerned. I think like is shown, but basic things start at the bottom and go up, never from the top down. We must start on an elementary level and interest the students.

RALPH W. (DUKE) MELLARD



Fresno, Calif.
Business manager
Fresno Bee

My 14-year-old son has already working on weight (two years ago). He has turned our garage into a gym where he and his kids work out three nights a week. The equipment was paid for by money they earned. I think there could be a project like this in every block.

HUGH WAGNON



Pocatello, Idaho
Publisher
Idaho State Journal

No, but we do have a playground program of our own. Of course, the President's council had no appropriation, only influence, but this influence hasn't been exercised. I'm not sure an appropriation would help. I think children around 10 and 16 need jobs in addition to play.

A. L. STORHOUSE



Endicott, Pa.
President and publisher
Examiner

I have heard the poor condition of our youth lamented in some of conference and newspaper suggested, but the only action I've seen is at two small colleges where expanded their programs to include lacrosse, wrestling and track. The programs in area high schools remain unaltered.

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19th HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

DRUG CHARGES (CONT.) FILE:

I AM YOUR DR. ROBERT CROMER, A REFORMER, MAN, ADVOCATE TO PROTECT YOU FROM DRUGS, A SERIOUS STUDY OF THIS PROBLEM WITH FAVORABLE RESULTS, WHO'S AND WHO'S INTERESTS WOULD BE MOST WELCOME, SINCE THE FOURTH OF MAY, WE INDIVIDUALLY LOOKED UP TO THE SOUTH OF MARY AND CONSIDERED DR. ROBERT CROMER'S AND HIS TEAM TO ATTENDING TO LOOKING THEM WITH FAVORABLE CHARGES, WHICH HE APPARENTLY CAN NOT INFLUENCE. DR. ROBERT CROMER'S COMMENTS ARE SERIOUSLY DISMISSING AND UNWELCOMING, I HAVE RECEIVED MY VERDICT FROM DR. ROBERT CROMER'S REPUTATION. I RESPECT AND RESPECT AN APOLOGY, AS AN ATHLETE I HAVE BEEN CONSIDERED (SINCE YOUR DRUGS) ROBERT CROMER.

LONDON, ENGLAND

● Dr. Berger's oblique reference to Roger Bannister was made not in his presentation to the American Medical Association group, but in the give-and-take of an impromptu press conference afterwards. When *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s host, in the role of go-between, read him Dr. Bannister's cable, Dr. Berger was quick to extend his hand across the sea and agree that Dr. Bannister "deserves an apology for an undesigned and unintended slight on his professional and athletic reputation."—ED.

BASEBALL: EXIT KIRCHELL, WINNING SIN:

Paul Kirchell was a nice fellow and one of the best scouts the New York Yankees ever had, but he didn't discover Lou Gehrig on an off day when the Columbia team was playing Rutgers at New Brunswick. This myth has been floating around for 25 years and reached a fine peak recently on Kirchell's death. *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, June 17, but there was never anything to it.

The truth is that Lou Gehrig was perhaps the most famous high school baseball player this nation has ever known. In those days there was an annual championship game between the best Chicago and New York high school teams. Gehrig was playing with the New York High School of Commerce against (I think) Lake Forest at the Cubs' ball park in Chicago. In the late innings, with the bases loaded, he hit a ball a mile over the right-field wall and won the game. Since very few big-league writers performing that particular feat in that period, the statement about young Gehrig was untrue. I can still remember the seven-column story on the sports page of the *Chicago Tribune*, and the same thing was true in the New York papers. It was a sensation and every baseball team and trainer in Christendom knew about it.

I also think I know why Kirchell passed on the pretty story to the innumerable baseball writers on later years. At that time the Yankees made a practice of picking up promising youngsters at high school age and financing them through college. It had to be done under the monitor to preserve the col-

lege eligibility of the young fellows, but everybody knew about it. After two years, Gehrig, scoured of his baseball and Columbia worried at his academic marks. He decided to play ball professionally and full time. The Yankees couldn't admit they had signed him in high school, and Kirchell propounded the Bannister fable with a loud wink. What started as a gag became a legend. Kirchell must have wondered each time he mentioned it how long he could keep it up and just how credible sports-writers could get.

Newtown, Conn.

KYLE CRICHTON

● Kyle Crichton, a former editor of *Collier's* and the dramatist of the current Broadway success *The Hospital* Millionaire is best known in his home town as the sharp first baseman of an extremely Krisken softball team that takes on all comers each Sunday in LIFE. Photographer Bradley Smith's picture.—ED.

BASEBALL: I'M WORRIED SIN:

Except for sentimental reasons, the possible success of the Dodgers in Los Angeles does not bother me, since they will be playing the Midwest just as often as before. What does worry me is the possibility that Robert Creamer might not follow them to the West Coast and continue to cover the scene for your magazine. This would be a catastrophe for us Dodge fans! No sportswriter in the country can outargue the Dodgers' fan-Creamer.

Indianapolis, IN.

EDWARD ENGLISH

● This week Robert Creamer deserts his Dodgers for the Chicago White Sox. See page 12.—ED.

BASEBALL: FASTER! SIN:

For more than 25 years I have been a baseball fan. But anyone who says that the tempo of baseball is still of the horse-and-buggy era. Where other sports have been streamlined and speeded up, baseball, if anything, is slower than it used to be. It has become tedious, particularly on TV.

Two simple rule changes would result in games being played in less than half the time the average game now takes.

First, give the batter a walk on three instead of four balls. Second, call a third strike, even if the ball is fouled.

Batters would then concentrate on hitting, pitchers on pitching, fielders on fielding, and coaches on coaching. All the time-wasting on so-called strategy would vanish. The game would pop up and lose none of its basic interest.

With these changes, as pitchers would have to serve more than five balls to a batter, and much of the strategy on pitching would vanish.

Give these some thought, and let's find out if such changes would give a shot in the arm to the grand old game.

Los Angeles

G. B. HAYES

Reminder to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Readers:

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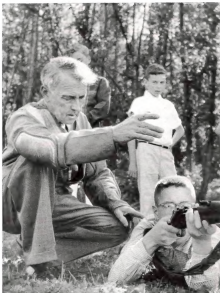
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LOUIS LA FRENIERE

For more years than anyone in Bellingham can remember, this shy, quiet rancher has brought the joys and responsibilities of the outdoors into the lives of boys all over the state of Washington. Louis' multitudinous good works are mostly unobtrusive. He constructs fishing floats on lakes, persuades farmers to let him build fishing access roads over their pastures and slaughters his whiteface cattle to provide beef for boys' camps. Recently Louis adopted a gang of 60-odd wild kids on the border of delinquency and taught them camping, marksmanship and archery. But his greatest achievement was to persuade the state legislature to grant to every hunt-minded boy the opportunity to receive in high school expert instruction in firearms. For a lifetime quietly devoted to the outdoor world and to his fellow men, La Freniere was chosen by sportsmen's clubs all over the state as Washington's Outstanding Sportsman of 1966-67.



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it's right for color, too!*



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